

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

AUGUST, 1857.

THE BALANCE OF POWER IN NATURE.

BY WM. MURPHY, M. D.

"Thou every-where hast sway,
And all things serve thy might;
Thy every act pure blessing is,
Thy path unsullied light."

IT is truly wonderful how, in the kingdom of nature, good cometh of seeming evil. In this domain nothing is lost—nothing wasted. From the least to the greatest there is a continual succession of species, each fulfilling its own destiny, and leaving to those following the results of its labors. The annals of Europe, stained and blot- ted by a thousand crimes, and written during al- most every period of its history in blood, show how politicians have struggled, and nations have fought to retain an imaginary balance of power between the kingdoms of the earth. Upon our every hand, however, is the prototype of this great principle so applied, as best to conserve the interests of organized creation. War, destructive and continual, is every-where apparent. The less falls a victim to the greater, and the weak retire before the encroachments of the strong. But from this prolonged strife flows the purest har- mony; and the relation of each to the other re- mains as best conduces to the good of all. Surely the contemplation of the means which are em- ployed in every department of nature to retain the relation of parts to the whole, can not fail to interest and profit, and should lead us to

"Indulge such thoughts as swell our hearts
With fuller admiration of that Power,
Who gives our hearts with such high thoughts to
swell."

The "fairy rings" of dark green grass, so con- spicuous in many pasture-fields, afford a pleasing illustration of the changing relations of different species of plants. These circles designate the burial-places of a species of fungi, which com- mences to vegetate upon the roots of the grass in

a central spot. The grass perishes; and the fungus, leaving its own dead behind, spreads in concentric circles. Upon the inner border of these bands the decaying plant of former genera- tions furnishes a rich repast for the luxuriant grass springing up in its place. So that the fungus, so exacting in its nature, as to destroy itself with the surrounding vegetation, dying, bequeaths a legacy to its injured neighbor, and erects a monument to its own memory.

Conspicuous among plants possessing an ag- gressive character is the nettle—the *urtica dioica* of botanists. This pest, which scarcely any beast will touch, is a citizen of the world, and belongs to an order of plants which is of the highest in- terest to man. From different species of this order, we obtain the most deadly of all poisons, and the nutritious milk of the cow-tree, as well as that of the bread-fruit. It gives us, too, the fig and the mulberry, caoutchouc and gum lac, be- sides affording to the devoted idolater of the east the grateful shade of the Banyan-tree. Approx- imating somewhat in character to the deadly un- weeded tropical climes, it yet furnishes nutriment to no less than fifty different species of insects. These feed upon every portion of the plant, and by the timely aid thus afforded the ravages of the noi- some weed is, in a great degree, prevented, and its too rapid increase held in check. Were not this the case, whole fields would soon be overrun, and the choicest plants exterminated in the vicin- ity. Among vegetables of a social disposition, herding together in large communities, is the Jamestown weed—*datura stramonium*. In sum- mer it may be seen flaunting its large, light- colored blossoms in the wind, and tainting the surrounding air with its sickening odor. In au- tumn, denuded of its foliage, and bleached by rain and frost, it appears as a skeleton, and bristles with its thorny fruit. Valuable for its medicinal properties, and remarkable on account

of its romantic character, it spreads itself in every direction, monopolizing the road-side, and driving more tender plants into the cooling and quiet shade, or to the sunny slope of some friendly hill. Its native country is still unknown; but so widely diffused has it become that it appears upon the shores of every sea whose waters are whitened by the sails of commerce. It certainly requires but little research into the natural history of a country to find many instances of the destruction caused by the numerous tribes of insects which prey upon the vegetable world.

Our country has, for years, been the scene of the busy and destructive industry of "flies," which have in too many instances blasted the hopes of the farmer, and anticipated the waving fields of yellow corn by the sad appearance of aborted grain.

A grave committee of legislators have estimated the damage done to the wheat crop in the state of New York, by a single insect, and in one year alone, at fifteen millions of dollars. The fly thus referred to is the wheat midge—*cecidomyia tritici*. It appears about the time the flower protrudes above the glume, and remains upon the lower portion of the plant during the day. Toward sunset it frequents the top, and deposits its eggs upon the scales of the flower. These germs soon produce the maggot, the real destroyer, which finds a dainty meal in the pollen of the flower, or in the rudiment of the new grain. Remaining for some time in this, the home of its infancy, where it has been rocked by the pleasant breezes, and fed upon almost ambrosial nectar, the worm eats its way through the envelop of the kernel, and falls to the ground before the sickle of the husbandman is sheathed in the ripened grain. The eggs of another species, the Hessian fly—*cecidomyia destructor*—are laid between the ridges of the young wheat blade, in the beginning of October. In a few days the worm appears, passes down to the base of the plant, and feeds upon its sap. Here it remains buried beneath the snows of winter, and when spring again awakens the vegetable world to active life and renewed beauty, this hearty survivor of frost and snow assumes the gurb of the destroyer, and fulfills the destiny of its race. These insects derive their interest from the important influence they exert in blasting the fairest prospect of a harvest, and in disputing with man the possession of a plant which supplies in a great part his food. The wheat midge has, however, a terrible enemy, and man a powerful friend in the *ichneumon*, three species of which give their best exertions to prevent the impending destruction of the suffering

plant. These powerful allies of man have not yet, we believe, made their appearance in this country.

Flowers, which minister so continually to our enjoyment, and upon the preservation of which so much depends, are frequently despoiled by countless numbers seeking food for the present and the future. Those provident insects, the bees, need hardly be cited as an instance of animals accumulating treasures from the nectaries of flowers. Countless numbers, indeed, of different tribes, find their only food in the most delicate organs of plants. Thus the maple-leaved viburnum has its beautiful cymes of white blossoms completely darkened at times by the busy swarms with which it is crowded; and the painted cup, with its brilliantly colored, bracts affords a sunny home to "spotted moths of June, and glistening flies."

A wise provision of nature ordains that these consumers of the juices of the plant shall repay the debt they incur by aiding in the propagation of the different tribes of vegetables. The fertilizing pollen of the flower adhering to the limbs of the busy reveler, is thus carried to the pistil of a neighboring plant, and by this means monacious and dieacious tribes are in a great degree propagated. Not less pleasing is it to view the many arts in vogue among vegetables, to defend themselves against the encroachments of the wily despoiler of the blossom. Linnaeus speaks of a species of ladies'-slipper resembling so much the form of a spider, as to frighten away the insect hovering near. It is to this circumstance, that Darwin, in his "Botanic Garden," refers:

"Fair Cypripedia with successful guile
Knits her smooth brow, extinguishes her smile;
A spider's bloated paunch and jointed arms
Hide her fine form, and mask her blushing charms;
In ambush shy the mimic warrior lies,
And on quick wing the panting plunderer flies."

So, also, the dog-bane—*apocynum androsaemifolium*—has the anthers of its flower converging over the nectary in such a manner as to catch and retain the fly that attempts, with its proboscis, to plunder the honey, and the aconite has its nectary defended by an acid secretion which no insect will touch.

The oak seems to furnish a peculiarly fit home for these vegetable feeders—not less than two hundred different species finding their wants supplied by this tree. Gall-nuts are growths from its twigs and leaves produced by the wounding of these parts by a species of cynip, and, in one instance, by an insect allied to the aphid. In the extensive oak plains of western Canada, trees are often found covered with galls, which at a distance

seem as if loaded with fruit, and present in winter a singular appearance. These excrescences, in which are entombed the living representatives of whole races, are also found upon other trees.

The pine, whose "wild and melancholy music" many a heart has felt, is not exempt from the attacks of enemies, nor is its tenacity of life always a guarantee against premature death. The larvæ of a species of beetle prey upon the young wood—*alburnum*—and the life of the tree is thus frequently sacrificed. No less than 80,000 of these have been found on one pine, and so hard are they to destroy that lengthened exposure in the water, snow, or on the ice, has seemingly little effect upon them. Fortunately, however, in the pupa state they suffer far more than do the grubs; and it is thus that an unfavorable season is instrumental in checking their ravages. This check is frequently not effectual till whole districts of pines are ruined.

In Hartz, in 1783, one million and a half of trees were destroyed, and other parts of Germany suffered greatly at the same time. In the pine forests of Canada, large tracts, miles in extent, have witnessed the depredations of an insect which preys upon the leaf-bud, and soon leaves the tree without a vestige of foliage.

The broad belts of leafless trunks which these destroyers leave behind them, afford a melancholy sight, and furnish a sad illustration of the power of energetic co-operation.

The fir cone and the superfluous seeds are frequently devoured by the young caterpillars of the phalæna, but to prevent a too great destruction the ichneumon strobilella fixes its small egg in the body of the caterpillar, which consequently dies.* Aphides, from their immense numbers, are sometimes wonderfully destructive to vegetation. It seems hardly credible to what an extent these creatures multiply themselves. Reaumur has estimated that an aphid in five generations would flood the country with 5,904,900,000 individuals; and if we add to this, that twenty generations may be produced in one year, we may imagine the numbers of the swarming myriads issuing into being. How fearful would the unchecked increase of such beings soon become! We know, indeed, that, were no counter check instituted to guard the world against the fury of these busy pillagers, their productiveness would soon create a waste, and man, the boasted lord of creation, who holds his sovereignty by the aid of Omnipotence alone, would soon lose the enjoyment of his possessions. Wonderful in their numbers, and in

their effects "terrible as an army with banners," are the tribes of locusts which have fairly deluged eastern lands with swarming myriads. It is no exaggeration to say that famine and pestilence have followed in the track of their march. St. Augustin refers to a plague of this character in the kingdom of Massinissa, by which 800,000 of the population perished. Eastern Europe has at times felt the effect of this awful visitation; and in the Venetian territory, in 1748, many thousands of human lives were sacrificed to the terrible power of this scourge. Volney, in his travels in Syria, says, flocks of these insects may be heard at a distance, like armies plundering in secret; and that the eye recognizes after their departure nothing to remind one of a present summer. The eggs of the locust are hatched in June, and the resulting worms advancing in solid columns, which neither fire nor trenches of water will check, soon devour all the foliage within their reach. Nor is the evil stopped here, for in a few days another brood is produced, and these devour every thing that is left, even to the bark of the trees. In a month the worms appear as winged insects, acquire new powers of destruction, hide by their numbers the light of the sun, and lay waste the country for thousands of miles in extent. Barrow says that when in southern Africa they were driven into the sea, their bodies formed upon the shore a bank fifty miles in extent, and four feet in height. It is from these decaying masses of animal matter that pestilence proceeds; and, aided by the famine occasioned by the destruction of almost all vegetation, gives rise to evils of the most appalling character.

Familiar to us as the annals of our own times, we remember the dreadful nature of the eighth plague with which Egypt was visited, and which is so finely described in Exodus: "For they covered the face of the whole earth, so that the land was darkened; and they did eat every herb of the land, and all the fruit of the trees which the hail had left: and there remained not any green thing in the trees, or in the herbs of the field, through all the land of Egypt." Such fearful havoc created in a province, might at first sight appear to be entirely destructive in its tendencies; but even this evil, dreadful as it surely is, proves itself not unmixed with good, and the influence it exerts in checking the too rapid growth of a few species of plants restores in nature much of the harmony that has been lost. Notwithstanding the vast swarms of locusts, and the very great rapidity with which they increase, but a short period is allotted to them. When their mission has been fulfilled, then, the beings terrifying us

* Wilcke:

by their numbers and voracity, suddenly reduced to nothing, disappear from our sight. Indeed,

"So thick the aery crowd
Swarmed and were straighten'd, till the signal given,
Behold a wonder ! they but now who seemed
In bigness to surpass the earth's giant sons,
Now less than smallest dwarfs."

Surely these illustrations teach us the goodness and mercy of God. They teach us, too, that nothing is created in vain, and that simplicity and effectiveness are characteristic of what, at first sight, seems complex and uncertain. Perfect, indeed, are his works when the Lord himself rejoices in them. Great, indeed, is his power, when "he sendeth forth his Spirit, and they are created; that he giveth they gather; he taketh away their breath, they die, and return to the dust." Wonderful is his goodness who hath promised, "Fear not, O land, be glad and rejoice; for I will restore to you the years that the locust hath eaten, the canker-worm, and the caterpillar, and the palmer-worm, my great army which I have sent among you. And the floors shall be full of wheat, and the fats shall overflow with wine and oil. And ye shall eat in plenty, and be satisfied, and praise the name of the Lord your God."

THE NAME-GIVER AND THE DISCOVERER.

A REMARKABLE significance sometimes occurs in names, which renders them extremely suggestive and instructive. The meaning of America is land-mark, or sea-mark—a beacon, or headland; and the immortal discoverer of the new world bore a gentle appellation, signifying "THE DOVE." It was the third occasion in which the dove was instrumental in rendering important benefit to mankind and the world. It was the dove which went forth upon the desolate waste of waters, and brought back the olive-branch of peace to the ark. It was the image of the dove which foreshadowed the promise which was to be fulfilled at Jerusalem; of that baptism which was to be higher than John's; of that witness which was to appear in the holy city, in Samaria, and the uttermost parts of the earth; and which came on the day of Pentecost with the sound of a rushing mighty wind, and cloven tongues of fire. And it was the dove—*COLOMB*—in modern times, which, issuing from the ark of the old world, led the way over the trackless ocean to the shores of the new one, the last hope and refuge of mankind, where has arisen a new power on earth; a new witness of the times, and a new voice of truth.

GOD'S TILLAGE GROUND.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF KRUMMACHER.

A HUSBANDMAN named Otho, called one day on his neighbor, Godfrey, and said: "I have for many years observed your life and actions; but one thing has always appeared to me most excellent, and, at the same time, most extraordinary. Although your lot has been very variable, and many troubles have befallen you and your family, still your countenance appears bright and peaceful, and your conversation and actions are the same on your unfortunate as on your happy days. Teach me how you are able for such things."

Godfrey answered: "That will I do in few words. My own vocation and my daily labors are my instructors. Behold, I have learned to consider myself and my life as a tillage field."

At these words Otho looked up as if he did not understand his friend, who went on:

"Behold, my brother, when trouble comes, I think of the plow and the harrow, which turn up the earth. I then search for the waste spot in my own heart, and for the weeds which flourish therein. These must be eradicated, or every exertion will be vain to make the fruits flourish. Sometimes I look upon my trouble as a thunder-storm, which at first appears dark and threatening, but which afterward draws down rain and clears the air; and then I think, when this is over, the sun will shine again. It is thus that I consider myself and my life as a tillage field. Dare the field say to the plow, 'What doest thou here?'"

"But," said Otho, "you tell me of the fruits instead of the root; tell me how you arrived at these thoughts and meditations."

Godfrey answered and said: "Can spiritual gifts come from any one but from Him who sends rain and sunshine on our fields, and who causes the ground to produce food for us to eat? Behold, we are God's tillage ground."

CAVEAT EMPTOR.

IN the relation of buyer and seller, the latter occupies the vantage-ground, and is on the winning side. The legal maxim, "*Caveat Emptor*," cautions the purchaser to beware. In China, where it is usual for tradesmen to ask three or four times the worth of an article, all that is necessary for the purchaser to say is, "Ah! my friend, I have been in China before," when the price is immediately lowered to its real value.

INTERPRETATIONS.

BY F. W.

THE child glided in at the noontide,
In through the open door,
And her bare feet scarce made a footfall
Down on the white wood-floor.
Her hands were full of red lilies,
That grew on the north hill-slope;
Her lips were full of a question,
And her eyes of light and hope.

"Mother, how far off is heaven,
By the shortest way you know,
From over our rosin-weed meadows,
Where the roses and red lilies grow?
Why, mother, I do n't know what ails me,
But somehow I'd like to be told,
For when I looked up at the 'Betsies,'
I thought I saw fences of gold.

And may be 'twas bumble-bees singing
Together, way up in the air,
But O, there was such little music,
That, mother, I liked to be there!
So while I thought over all cities,
And turreted palaces old,
I thought I would run home and ask you
If heaven had fences of gold!"

The mother went out by the door-way,
And looked at the green hill-side;
Up too from the meadow-grass waving,
To the heaven-dome blue and wide.
The sky was deep and tempting,
The valley was long and bright,
The half-hidden sun shed sadly
A languid, peaceful light.

The distant hills were purple,
The far savannas looked dim,
And the western wind was singing
To the lilies a wild low hymn;
While the far-off edgings of forest
Looked as of dreams beguiled,
And the mother turning, answered
The question of her child.

"To the earth-blind and the sinful,
There's a long and wearying road,
From over our rosin-weed meadows
To the paradise of God;
There's many a terrible turning,
There's many a subtle way,
That the crooked-hearted grope in,
Seeking the gates of day.

But the innocent heart of childhood,
That lives here heaven-worth,
In the full of its native wildhood,
Brings heaven down to earth;
While the wise and crafty are hoping
For the bliss of after death;
The children out on the green sward
Are drawing the Eden-breath.

The harmony dwelling in nature,
The beauty the world puts on,
Have a spell of music and glory,
Till the truth of the heart is gone.

Then we stumble darkly onward,
Seeking the bliss we've known;
Go, gather more lilies, darling,
And come again at the noon!"

OUR PLAYMATE'S GRAVE.

BY AMANDA T. JONES.

BENEATH the cedar-tree,
That swingeth to and fro
With every touch the wild winds give
As o'er the hills they go,

There lies a humble grave,
Uncared for and alone;
No flowers are planted on the sod,
And at the head no stone.

The hill on which it lies
Slopes downward, steep and low,
And endeth in a tangled dell
Where sunshine can not go.

All day a little sound
From out the vale beneath,
Comes stealing up the shadowy ground
To that abode of death.

A sound of moving trees,
Of bubbling water-springs,
Comes mingled with the hurried beat
Of restless, quivering wings.

Long years ago they laid
Our playmate to his rest,
And planted there the cedar-tree
That swingeth o'er his breast.

A wooden slab beneath,
Unlettered, brown, and bare:
And for the rest—the sunshine brings
The sweet spring-daises there.

Bright summers deck the mold,
Springs hallow it with tears;
But James in heaven grows not old
Beneath the passing years.

SWEET BABY SLEEPS.

BY E. ARMSTRONG.

NEAR the broad stream, gently flowing;
'Neath the flowers, o'er her growing;
Where the birds are sweetly singing
Songs that through the woods are ringing;
Where the blossoms, o'er her bending,
Fragrance to the air are lending;
Sweet baby sleeps.

Where the breeze is sadly sighing,
Then in whispers gently dying;
Where at eve the dews are lending
Life unto the blossoms bending
Sadly o'er the early dying;
In her childish beauty lying,
Sweet baby sleeps.

UNCLE ABSALOM.

BY MARY E. WILCOX.

SATURDAY, with the exception of two hours' study in the morning, was a holiday at the boarding-school of the Misses Lane. The study-hours were over, and about a dozen of the elder pupils, including myself, were in the upper recitation-hall, gazing listlessly from the large front windows, which overlooked the beautiful grounds.

"Dear me!" said Eliza Williams, with a tremendous yawn, "I should die, I am sure, if I had to spend the Sabbath in this awful place! I am expecting papa's carriage every moment."

She was going home to spend the Sabbath, and I envied her, for my own home was so distant, that I could not hope to visit it till the close of the term. Eliza Williams's father was said to be very rich; consequently, she assumed airs of superiority over the rest of the girls. She was dressed, at this time, in an attire which, to say the least, was in bad taste for a school-girl—a gaudy silk, heavily flounced, and profusely trimmed; a head-dress composed of great quantities of ribbons and artificial flowers, huge earrings, watch, chain, bracelets, etc. She was quite a contrast to Kate Wilson, who stood near her, dressed in a neat and delicate lawn, with a little spray of rosebuds in her shining hair, and no ornament, save a little cameo brooch which fastened her pretty collar. Kate's father was the Governor of the state, and she, too, was awaiting the carriage which was to take her home for the Sabbath.

There was a beautiful view from that hall-window. The seminary grounds were bright with the richest summer sunshine; the distant forests were in the fullness of their prime; the green hills looked smilingly down; the air which stole in was perfumed with a thousand roses; and sounds of merry laughter rang from the play-ground below.

"Gracious me!" suddenly exclaimed Nelly Gray, "what on earth is that coming up the carriage-road? What an antediluvian equipage! Do look, for mercy's sake, girls, all of you!"

Eliza Williams burst into a loud laugh. "There's a bean for some of you," said she. "Shouldn't wonder if some of the young ladies were to be invited out for a drive!"

"Shade of my great-grandfather!" exclaimed another.

I looked out, and my face crimsoned with false shame, for it was no other than my uncle Absalom Allen, slowly driving up the avenue. I was very sensitive to ridicule, and sadly deficient in native dignity of character, for if I had had means of flying away, or sinking through the

floor, I certainly should have done so. But my specific gravity being too great for the former experiment, and not sufficiently so for the latter, I remained silent, with burning cheeks. Good uncle Absalom! I had spent many happy days at his house. He was a plain old farmer, rather eccentric withal. I was sure he had come to take me home with him; it was very kind—at any other time my heart would have leaped with joy at the prospect; but now, to be exposed to the ridicule of all those staring girls! Meantime the old gentleman, with his antediluvian coat and wide-brimmed hat, drove slowly up, utterly unconscious of my mortification. He was in a green high-backed wagon, and drove the venerable mare, Jenny by name, to whom I had often administered oats and bread-crumbs. Right behind him was the gaudy equipage of the Williamses, with its glaring coat of arms, and its insolent driver, sneering and grinning as he curbed his prancing horses down to old Jenny's sober pace. Further still behind was the plain and simple carriage of Governor Wilson.

"I believe that is the veritable chariot that Pharaoh drove into the Red Sea with," said Eliza Williams; "some body has fished it up! What can the old fellow be coming here for? He had better keep out of the way of papa's horses, or he'll get ran over. Hattie, [to me,] what makes you blush so, all of a sudden? Is the gentleman a suitor of yours?"

"No; it is my uncle," said I, compelling myself to speak the truth, though I was ready to cry. Kate Wilson kindly put her arms around me, saying,

"Girls, I am sorry to hear you talk so! Age should always command respect; and it is no mark of good breeding to ridicule it so!"

As she led me from the room, a loud, insolent laugh from Eliza Williams followed us.

When I reached the drawing-room, I found uncle Absalom conversing with Miss Lane, the preceptress. She had sense enough to recognize and honor intrinsic worth, even though wearing old-fashioned coats, and riding in high-backed wagons. I greeted my uncle affectionately, and expressed myself grateful for his kindness in coming for me.

"Run and get your bonnet, Hattie," said he, "and we'll go right along. Your aunt Abby will be looking for us."

O dear, how I wished he would but wait till the Williamses and Wilsons carriages had gone! To ride down the avenue in their company, and in that green wagon, I thought would be more than I could bear. But Miss Lane invited my

uncle to dine with her, and he at last accepted the invitation, and with a sigh of relief, I saw Kate and Eliza enter their respective carriages, and drive away. At dinner I was fated to endure fresh mortification, for uncle Absalom handled his silver fork as though it had been a shovel, a pitchfork, or some other agricultural implement. He also took up his delicate damask napkin, with its silver ring, and eyeing it curiously, made some inquiry as to its use, which caused an audible titter to run the whole length of the table. Miss Lane cast a stern glance upon the delinquents, and after dinner summoned them all to the music-room, where she gave them a dreadful lecture.

"I was pained and grieved as well as displeased, by your unlady-like conduct," she said. "I have known the gentleman who dined here to-day from my youth. I know his worth, and have experienced his kindness, and am proud to call him my friend."

At this I began to regret my silly weakness, in being ashamed of my dear, good uncle. I hastened to prepare for my ride.

"Are you really going away to spend the Sabbath?" said little Fanny Snowe, following me beseechingly. "O! do bring me a pickle and a biscuit when you come back. It seems as if I should starve! I could not eat a bit of that meat we had for dinner; it was roasted to a crisp! and the breakfast-cakes we had this morning were n't half baked through!"

"Hattie is looking rather pale," said my uncle to Miss Lane, as we departed. "I don't think I shall fetch her back afore Thursday or Friday. I've got her mother's leave to keep her a few days."

Miss Lane assented graciously.

Old Jenny now took her line of march down the avenue, and I was vexed to see the laughing faces of some of the girls looking from the balcony-window. When we reached the highway, however, my vexation was a forgotten thing. How bright was the sunshine! how soft the shade! how pleasant the low voice of the wind among the trees!

"Yer cousin Arthur's to hum," said uncle, after a while.

"Cousin Arthur at home! Why did n't he come for me, then?"

"Wal, you see, he fetched a feller hum with him, one of his class-mates, and they are a ramblin' on the hills the hull time, huntin', fishin', collectin' plants and stones, and mercy knows what. To-day they are gone to Fort Graves; but I gness they'll be back afore we are."

Now I knew that if cousin Arthur had come

for me, the girls would have acted very differently, for he was a handsome, intelligent, gentlemanly youth, with a frank, sunshiny way, which made him a favorite every-where. He was in college; but soon to graduate. I was glad to hear that he was at home.

Well, at last we reached the pleasant farmhouse. Before my uncle had time to climb from the wagon, I had sprung from it, rushed through the yard, tearing my dress on the rose-bushes, and caught aunt Abby round the neck, thereby "mussing up" her best cap sadly. Then cousin Arthur caught me, and gave me a cousinly salute, and then presented me to a gentleman standing near, whom he called "his friend and class-mate, Mr. Hall." I exchanged greetings with Mr. Hall, striving to look and appear as interesting as possible—Mr. Hall was quite good looking—but it was all lost upon him, for he scarcely noticed me.

Supper was waiting for us. O what an appetite I had! what havoc I made among the dainty viands! Never were seen such strawberries and cream! never such golden "short-cake!" never such a plate of nicely browned trout, caught that morning by Arthur, and fried by aunt Abby, "because," as she said, "we must want something good after our long ride, and boarding-school was a hungry place"—of which latter fact I gave a striking demonstration.

No sooner was supper over than I bounded out to see the chickens and geese, and to superintend old Jenny's evening meal. Then I flew across the road, and down to the hay-field, where my uncle, with several farm-hands, was raking hay. Getting possession of a rake, I went to raking up the fragrant swaths. I drew a quantity of the hay together, forming a magnificent pyramid, and admiring my own handiwork greatly. In putting on the finishing touches, I deemed it necessary to ascend the heap; but on reaching the summit, being unable to retain my equilibrium, I went sprawling down the other side, in the awkwardest of ways, while the rake-teeth caught in my hair, pulling it all down. "Never mind," thought I, in my discomfiture, "nobody has seen me."

"A novel instrument for hair-dressing, Miss Harriet," said a laughing voice.

Looking round, I caught the eyes of Mr. Hall, who was standing near, quietly smiling. Hastily twisting up my disheveled tresses, I ran into the house, with a scarlet face.

"Hattie," said cousin Arthur, as I entered, "I have not told you that we are intending to have a picnic next Tuesday, and a sail on the lake."

I expressed my delight in unmeasured terms.

"And," continued he, hesitatingly, "I think I

shall invite a couple of your school-mates to come, it will make it so much pleasanter for you, you know."

"But whom will you invite? I did not know that you were acquainted with any of them."

Cousin Arthur colored slightly, and said,

"Miss Eliza Williams attended our last commencement, and I was introduced to her by her brother, and became quite interested in her—nearly lost my heart," continued he gayly. "Do n't you like her as a school-mate? Do n't you think her quite beautiful?"

"I do n't know," said I, absently. Indeed, I did not like her, for I knew her to be haughty, selfish, and unfeeling, and knowing this, I could not think her beautiful, notwithstanding her brilliant dark eyes, and abundant raven tresses. I wondered at Arthur's infatuation.

"And what other one will you invite?" I inquired.

"I made the acquaintance of Miss Wilson, the Governor's daughter, at the same time," said he, "and I suppose, out of etiquette, I must invite her, too, though perhaps she will turn up her aristocratic nose in disdain at our rustic festivities."

"O, cousin Arthur! how unjust! You are utterly mistaken in Kate Wilson, or rather you know nothing at all about her. You mistake her quiet reserve for haughtiness. But I do n't think Miss Lane will let them come to the picnic."

"O, yes, she will," said he confidently, "I was always a favorite with her."

Soon after Mr. Hall joined us. He said nothing directly about my awkward leap over the hay, but afterward, as I was speaking about our practicing gymnastics at school, he looked up with a queer smile, saying,

"I think you have acquired great agility by your instructions in that useful branch, Miss Harriet."

My cheeks burned again.

That night, as I was retiring to rest in the pleasant, spacious chamber, through whose open windows the moist night air floated in, laden with the balm of the hay-fields, and the moonlight fell in long swaying lines across the carpet, broken by the tremulous shadow of the maple-tree, and the crickets sang their shrill, yet soothing lullaby, I felt an indescribable sense of peace and rest stealing over me. I was remorseful to think I had been ashamed of uncle Absalom at school; I almost wished to tell him all, and ask his forgiveness. Then I thought that if cousin Arthur knew how sneeringly and derisively Eliza Williams had laughed at him, he would not admire her quite so much; for I knew that Arthur

loved and revered his father with all the strength of his truthful young heart. I wished he knew what Eliza had said, but I could never tell him. While meditating thus, I went to sleep.

When I awoke next morning the sun was shining, and I hastily dressed myself, and ran out on the piazza. O, the holy stillness and beauty of that Sabbath morning! it shines in my memory yet—bright—dewless—cloudless! How deep the sapphire of the heavens; the emerald of the woods and mountains; the gold of the vast, all-embracing sunshine! My heart went up in voiceless adoration toward the dear Father, the Author and Source of all beauty. But that Sabbath has passed away long ago. There is no pleasant sunshine now. The air is filled with mingled rain and snow, making earth and sky one colorless, monotonous desolation, and the wind goes mournfully sobbing toward the west, after the departing sun.

* * * * *

"If this pleasant weather will only continue till after Tuesday," said cousin Arthur, in the evening, "we shall have as delightful a time as we could desire."

"There's a circle round the moon," said my uncle, "and there was n't no dew this morning; it'll sartainly rain to-morrow."

And so it proved. In the morning the sky was dark with a drizzling rain. After breakfast, as I stood by the window watching the weather with a discontented, unpleasant face, I observed that Mr. Hall was looking at me with a comical smile.

"What are you laughing at?" said I, rather pettishly; "you seem to be astonishingly happy."

"My happiness is caused by observing the bright expression of your face, Miss Harriet," he replied. "Such a beaming look of content and resignation! such a contrast to the gloom of the morning!"

"Mr. Hall, you are very provoking," said I; and I thereupon proceeded to the kitchen to find aunt Abby. There she was with her "help," in the midst of a vast wilderness of steaming tubs, pails, kettles, boilers, etc., all redolent of hot soap-suds, for Monday was "washing-day." Dismayed I flew to my chamber, and spent the morning in writing my French exercises.

Toward evening the clouds broke away, and the whole west was suffused with a rosy glow. Arthur was delighted.

"Evening red and morning gray,
Will set the traveler on his way,"

exclaimed he, triumphantly, "and as we are all travelers, or expect to be to-morrow, let us rejoice

in the propitious omen which is now presented to our view."

* * * * *

Tuesday morning came, smiling and sunny. Cousin Arthur started for Miss Lane's seminary at an early hour, driving his beautiful bays, and pretty, open carriage, a birthday gift from his father. I could not but observe the look of parental pride, and almost idolizing affection with which my uncle regarded Arthur, as he was driving away; and the glance of mingled respect, reverence, and filial love which the youth threw back upon his father, was beautiful to see.

"Cousin Arthur," I called after him, "why don't you drive old Jenny, and the green wagon? You might put in two seats."

He made no answer save by a merry smile, and was soon out of sight. After dinner I went to my room to dress for the picnic, and soon came down, with my best white crape bonnet—which I thought peculiarly becoming, and hoped Mr. Hall would think so, too—fastened at the back of my head, *a la mode*. Again I encountered that quizzing smile of his.

"What an admirable protection that bonnet will be, from the sunshine on the lake!" began he; "spreading forth in such umbrageous vastness and immensity, it will!"

I cut short the burst of eloquence, by running out of the room and shutting the door; and soon reappeared, arrayed in aunt Abby's big Shaker bonnet, with its wide cape of green gingham. Mr. Hall then gravely escorted me to the lake, which was at the extremity of my uncle's farm. The little lake was called by the villagers, "No-Bottom Pond"—a name strikingly suggestive to my childish imagination of "abysmal depths," of "dire descents, unfathomably deep," etc. Notwithstanding the laudable endeavors of some scions of city aristocracy, who were wont to spend their summers in the vicinity, and who, admiring the extreme beauty of the little sheet of water, had christened it successively, "Forest Mirror," "Valléy Water," "Bowl of Lilies," and several other pretty and euphonious titles, it still remained "No-Bottom Pond." But Shakspeare says, "A rose by any other name," etc., and the cognomen of the lake did not detract from its beauty. Surrounded and shut in by green hills, edged with a dry pebbly beach, fringed with rich woodlands, and dotted with beds of lilies, it lay spread out before us that beautiful day, smiling up toward the blue sky it mirrored. The boats were soon filled, and our joyous company afloat upon the glassy water. Cousin Arthur had arrived with Eliza and Kate, and there seemed to

be nothing to hinder our enjoyment. We sailed for a long time, singing, laughing, talking, and gathering the "incense-breathing cups" of the water-lilies. But through the stream of my merriment ran an under-current of pain, caused by cousin Arthur's unaccountable, but too evident infatuation for Eliza Williams. He seemed to have no eye nor ear for any one but her. She certainly looked brilliant; she had dressed her dark hair with a wreath of the lilies; she was in good humor, and was evidently exerting herself to fascinate Arthur. Yet he was so good, so noble, so generous, and she so artful and designing, I could not bear to think of it. I had so hoped he would like Kate Wilson; but as I looked at her, I was forced to acknowledge to myself, that, compared with the brilliant Eliza, she was but as a "graceful pencil sketch compared with a vivid painting." Kate was unusually quiet, almost sad, and the very delicacy of her features was hidden by a deep crape-bonnet. Yet I liked to look at her; there was a certain clearness and purity in her mien, which always reminded me of Bryant's fine lines:

"Thine eyes are springs, in whose serene
And silent waters heaven is seen;
Their lashes are the herbs that look
On their young figures in the brook.
The forest depths, by foot unpressed,
Are not more stainless than thy breast;
The holy peace that fills the air
Of those calm solitudes is there."

As the afternoon waned, we selected a beautiful place in the woods that bordered the shore, where we landed, and had quite a merry time, partaking our refreshments. Then some of us rambled in the shady wood-paths, while others, who preferred it, went on the water again. Among the latter were Arthur and Eliza, who occupied a little boat alone, and seemingly in a state of happiness, for their light laughter came floating to us over the water. When they returned, Mr. Hall, Kate, and I accompanied them to a little eminence commanding a view of the lake, and sat down to enjoy the prospect. On one side of us lay the lake, all flooded with crimson from the western sky, yet with a sort of silent sadness on its beautiful face; on the other side were pleasant meadows and fields of snowy buckwheat. For some reason or other we all lapsed into silence; and, perhaps by the soft stillness and peace of the solitudes below us, I saw the tears gathering in Kate's sweet eyes.

"Whoa, haw Buck! go 'long, I say!" were the first sounds that came ringing through the silence. I looked below us, and there was my uncle

Absalom, with a yoke of oxen and a load of hay. He was without a coat, and wore an old palm-leaf hat; yet there was a sort of quiet dignity in his tread, as he slowly jogged along with his oxen, over his own broad acres, which spoke of a soul at peace with the world and its Maker. Eliza burst into that loud laugh of hers, which had never seemed more harsh and discordant.

"Do look at that ignorant, clownish old farmer!" said she, "jogging along, with apparently about as much sense as the oxen he is driving! There is one drawback to pleasures in the country. You can never seat yourself to enjoy a landscape, or any thing, but what some of these vulgar plow-drivers will come along and interrupt your meditations in some way or other. Ten to one but they will order you out of the fields entirely. Don't you find it excessively tedious, Mr. Allen, to be obliged—as you must necessarily be in the country—to associate with such a stupid set?"

I looked at Arthur, at the commencement of this speech, wherein the innate vulgarity of Eliza's mind was manifesting itself, and I saw a hot, indignant flush rise to his brow, soon succeeded by a look of contempt. Meantime my uncle looked up, saw us, and I bowed, smiling, and kissed my hand to him. Eliza observed me, but no glimmering of the truth flashed on her dull perceptions. Without waiting for Arthur to answer her question, she continued:

"Well, Hattie, I must confess you have a singular taste! Bowing to every ignorant rustic you meet with! Suppose you run down the hill and inquire the price of his oxen, as you seem to take such an interest in him!"

"For my part," said Kate, speaking up suddenly, and with warmth, "I think that those oxen, and the loaded wagon, on the strip of green meadow below us, form a pleasant and harmonious foreground to the quiet picture on which we are gazing. And the farmer whom you ridicule so, walks with a conscious dignity and freedom, and wears an air of worth and benevolence, which shows that he is one of nature's nobility."

"Sentimental, very!" returned Eliza, sarcastically.

Arthur's face looked quite white; nevertheless, he said gayly,

"Thank you, Miss Wilson, for your unconscious championship of my cause, for the farmer who just passed, is to me

'A clansman born, a kinsman true,
Each word against his honor spoke,
Demands of me avenging stroke.'

And I regret, Miss Eliza, that his presence is so

annoying to you, because, being the sole proprietor of most of the lands you behold, he might not withdraw unless he should be so disposed. The name of this 'vulgar plow-driver,' this 'ignorant rustic,' is Absalom Allen, and I have the honor to be his only son."

Eliza was so completely overwhelmed with mortification, that I could not help pitying her. She crimsoned to her forehead, and knew not what to say or do. When she recovered her speech, she said in a low, angry tone, intended only for Kate's ear,

"You knew all the time you were making your fine speech that it was his father, and you said that on purpose!"

"Pardon me, Miss Williams," said Arthur, whose quick ear had caught the words, "but I *know* that she could not have known it. But let us waste no more words on such a trifling matter. Come, ladies, the day is waning, and the sun will soon be setting; shall we rejoin the company?"

Now, do you suppose cousin Arthur neglected and avoided Eliza during the remainder of our stay at the picnic grounds? Far from it. He was too thoroughly and truly a gentleman to be capable of such a thing. He laughed and chatted gayly, and exerted himself to give pleasure, so that she evidently hoped she had not lost him, after all. But the light which had all day beamed from his eyes when he had looked at her, beamed no longer—it had gone out—it was extinguished forever.

Very late that night, when all the world was asleep, I stood with Arthur on the veranda; while the full moon was declining toward the west, and he told me the whole story of his infatuation, and its sudden cure; as though I had not seen it all before, with my woman's eye and instinct. Since then I have several times seen him in company with Kate Wilson, and there are rumors afloat—as there always will be—but I am not at liberty to divulge any thing I know on the subject.

A PLEASANT THOUGHT.

THERE'S not a heath, however rude,
But hath some little flower
To brighten up its solitude,
And scent the evening hour.

There's not a heart, however cast
By grief and sorrow down,
But hath some memory of the past
To love and call its own.

LIFE BUDDINGS OF AN ART-DISCOVERER.

PERHAPS among the literary announcements of the last two or three years, some of our readers may have seen the title of Mr. Morley's pleasant book, "The Life of Bernard Palissy." Or, may be, you have read the still pleasanter book by the authoress of those quaint and picturesque fictions, founded upon facts, which "The History of Mrs. Mary Powell" represents, entitled "The Provocations of Madame Palissy." Or, those of you acquainted with French literature, may have met with Palissy's own books, which are full of autobiographical anecdote and illustration, of artistic wisdom, and of Franklin-like shrewdness and homely sense.

Palissy is no common man; nor is his a common history. I may even say that, in most respects, he is a model man; a man in whom the practical power of the workman is united with the genius of the philosopher and the virtue of the saint.

"The elements

So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, 'This was a man.'"

He is one of those enthusiastic, unfaltering men, in whom passion becomes indomitable will, and pursues its end, regardless alike of the world's neglect and scorn—one of those devotees of art who shrink from no sacrifice, either of personal or relative joy, that their idol may claim—one of those world-conquering men, as powerful in patience as in energy, who can watch and wait, reiterate experiment, and endure privation from weary year to weary year, in the pursuit of what, to ordinary minds, would seem but a vision of dream-land, but which the forecasting instinct of genius affirms to be a possibility of sober life.

His life will be no common lesson, if we properly learn it. To see how a self-taught and unaided man can

"Voyage through strange seas of thought alone;"

how, undaunted by difficulties, unseduced by temptation, undeterred by failure, he can labor through years of darksome and enduring toil; and how, like our English Roundheads, a century later, fighting their very different battle here, he could pray even as he wrought, fearing God with all his heart, and therefore defying the devil and all his works; his natural energy giving practical vigor to his religious faith, and his religious faith again giving substance and persistence to his natural energy; and how, finally, after having, by unparalleled faith and toil, won for himself riches

and fame, he could sacrifice these when won for the martyrdom of the Bastille, rather than tamper with his religious convictions, and become a recreant to his God.

Hardly in any age, or to any man, could such lessons come amiss. To young men commencing life in an age like this, when rapidity of life tempts to superficialness, competition to selfishness, and wealth to unspiritualness, they are of inestimable value. The life of Palissy, indeed, is the best practical solution that I have met with of the problem, "How to make the best of both worlds."

It is true that the manipulations of a potter may savor but little of the heroic—a mere artisan modeling clay; but the true lesson of Palissy's life lies in the very unpromisingness of his occupation—the commonness of the material that he wrought constitutes the grandeur of his achievements in it. "He is," says Lamartine, "the patriarch of the workshop; the poet of manual labor in modern days; he is the potter of the Odyssey, the Bible and the Gospel, the type incarnate, to exalt and ennoble every business, however trivial—so that it has labor for its means, progress and beauty for its motive, and the glory of God for its end." He teaches us that genius, virtue, and industry can ennoble any vocation; that it is not so much what a man does that constitutes a hero, as how he does it; he may rule kingdoms ignobly, and carry mortar with honor. Men do not need great fields and epic subjects in order to achieve true greatness.

The true hero of life is he who conquers difficulties which conquer other men; who makes his still small voice heard amid and above the clamor that drowns common speech; who touches even common clay divinely. It is true that the career of such a man is a conflict and a toil; that he must shoulder his brawny way amid the great crowd of men; they will not, unless compelled, unite their suffrages to place him first. He would be no hero if they did. His heroism consists in his praise-compelling power; his strength assays and develops itself in action; opposition is needful to test and compel his energies. His first efforts, probably, will be comparative failures; the young eagle may drop into its nest; the potter's enamels may refuse to melt, and his neighbors may think him mad; embryo leaders of the house may be coughed down and covered with derisive laughter, but the failure and the scorn only urge him to greater effort. He vows that "the time will come when they shall hear him," and he labors in untiring patience and faith, till success rewards his toil, or solid esteem his

unswerving virtues. Slowly but surely does the patient coral of his industry rise, till at length it emerges a verdant island of beauty and fertility.

In the south-west of France there is an ancient province, formerly named Perigord, now forming part of the department of the Dordogne. At its southern extremity, and upon a hill, not three-fourths of a mile from its boundary, stands the little town of Biron, in or near which, about the year 1509, Bernard Palissy was born. A mountainous and inland district, without commerce and without manufactures, its inhabitants depended for their subsistence upon the produce of their forests and the fattening of their pigs; truffles and pork being their chief edible luxuries. It produced, as such districts generally do, a race of hardy, free-hearted, liberty-loving men; no better soldiers were furnished to the armies of Francis I.

Like many a great unknown, Palissy is his own family. It is not known that he had a parentage—the only evidence thereof being a not very violent presumption. Lamartine tells us that the young Palissy, when a boy, kneaded marl and burnt bricks, at his father's kiln, in the village of Chapelle Biron; but Lamartine is not the best historical authority in the world, and too often sacrifices fact to figure—particularly to point. And as Palissy himself tells us, that when he commenced his experiments in pottery, he "had never seen earth baked," we must conclude that, however the kiln in Biron came, in after generations, to be called "Palissy's kiln," it could not have belonged to Palissy's father. "For a long time," he says, "I practiced glass-painting, till I was assured that I could earn bread by labors in earth." We must imagine the young Palissy, therefore, wandering from village to village in the district of Perigord, or in the neighboring district of Agenois, curious in the mosaics of old mullioned windows, and studious of chromatic effects, artistically accomplished in the disposition of bits of painted glass—sometimes, "for the love of God," doing the necessary repairs to the window of a church, and sometimes finding a more lucrative job at some old baronial hall. Glass-painting was one of the most honorable of trades, decidedly a member of the aristocracy of the manual arts; and younger sons of noble families, and needy lords with a heraldry longer than their rent-roll, and with more quarterings on their escutcheons than lous in their purses, condescended to live by means of it. Like the old Jews, who prudently taught their children tent-making as well as traditionalism, the French noblesse transmitted, from generation to generation, their aristocratic trade with their aristocratic titles. To

Palissy, however, the trade came without the titles; he was not only born poor, but he was educated a peasant; and if his family belonged to nobility at all, it was to that very small nobility which repeated dilutions of blood, and divisions of property, painfully constitute. A Plantagenet makes shoes, I believe, in one of our midland counties. "The occupation," says Palissy, "is noble, and the men who work at it are nobles; but several who exercise that art as gentlemen would gladly be plebeians and possess wherewith to pay the taxes."

"Is it not a misfortune that has fallen on the glass-workers of Perigord, Limousin, Saintonge, Angoulmois, Gascony, Bearn, and Bigorre, where glasses are so much depreciated that they are sold and cried through the villages by the same people who cry old clothes and old iron, in such a manner that those who make and those who sell them, must work hard to live?"* Alas for the seedy nobles of Perigord! Necessity gives us strange companionships.

For the sake of fuel and of wood-ashes used in their manufacture, these glass-workers commonly lived on the borders of forests; and in some retreat of this kind Palissy was probably born and brought up. As for education, "I have had no other books," says he, "than heaven and earth, which are open to all." "God," he tells us, "had gifted him with a talent for drawing," and his curious and enterprising mind would soon make him master of the simple chemistry of his art, and prompt him to speculations and experiments beyond it, unconsciously fitting him for the part that he was afterward to play; so that the natural forms of his pottery, and the chemistry of his experiments in enamel, may very safely be referred to the Perigord forest and the glass-painting of his boyhood, as also that deep and holy love of nature, which no after-seductions could alienate or corrupt.

Palissy, at about nineteen, felt a yearning for better things than glass-painting, now a declining trade, and determined to see the world. He was well skilled in melting and coloring glass, as also in manufacturing and fixing upon clear glass the pigments, which were an easy substitute for the more recondite art of staining, and also in fitting it, when made, into the mullions of quaint old Gothic windows; and, doubtless, in this early age, when the wonderful invention of printing was little more than half a century old, and

* "The Artist in Earth." The extracts from this and other works of Palissy, are taken from Mr. Morley's Translations in the Appendix to his Life of Palissy.

therefore a luxury only of the rich, he both learned and taught many a lesson from the quaint old histories and allegories thus pictorially told. We all know how curiously the eye will trace the features of the building, in which from week to week we sit to listen to long prosy sermons—how familiar every quirk and turn of even the commonest molding becomes; a perfect god-send, therefore, would these old painted windows be to the Perigord peasant, while the old weary monk was mumbling his cabalistic Latin, or doling out some rusty legend, or thrice-repeated and monotonous sermon. They would, perchance, inspire musings far more profitable than any of them; for they would depict scenes of wondrous miracle, and of still more wondrous sorrow—the history and the passion, the resurrection and the ascension of the Incarnate Son; the holy symbol of the Dove, too, and irreverent delineations of the Father; together with the solemn scenes of the judgment, and those winged nondescripts, half Cupid, half Bacchus, that do duty in stained glass for angels of blessedness; the unspeakables, also, that symbolize the children of darkness—

“And saints that there
On Gothic windows knelt in pictured prayer.”

Thus gifted and trained, then, and thus equipped, the young Palissy left his forest-home, and, turning his face southward to the Pyrenees, he entered Gascony—

“The world before him
Where to choose, and Providence his guide.”

For twelve years he wandered through France, “from the Pyrenees to the sea of Flanders, and the Netherlands. He gathered experience in Brittany, and by the Rhine. He visited lower Germany, the Ardennes, Luxembourg, the Duchy of Cleves, and the Brisgau. He spent some time in his native district of the Agenois, and in the Bourdelois. At Tarbes, the capital of Bigorre, he dwelt some years, and remained long in sundry other towns.”

But trades will die out, and occupations become superfluous; for science will advance, and social habits will change, and taste will improve; and, therefore, it came to pass, that Palissy did not find it very easy to subsist upon glass-painting. Churches needing his services were not to be encountered in every village, and by the impoverished nobility, the painted glass of their halls was felt to be somewhat of an aristocratic nuisance; for housemaids will be careless, and glass is brittle, and pictorial fractures were very expensive; and, therefore, painted glass was rapidly

being superseded by the less costly and more translucent article which now glorifies our dwellings; so that we hardly know how Palissy subsisted during the twelve years of his wanderings—perhaps he hardly knew himself; no doubt he would tarry longest where glass windows were the most numerous, and where servants were the most destructive. And he tells us that he eked out his scanty incomings by painting portraits, and making geometrical surveys of estates and plans of houses. “They thought me,” he says, “a better painter than I was, which caused me to be often summoned to draw plans for use in courts of law; then, when I had such commissions, I was very well paid.”

Gradually, therefore, he seems to have exchanged his glass-painting for the more lucrative occupations of draughtsman and modeler of images; and yet he complains very sorely of the injury which cast-making did to clever sculptors. “I have seen,” he says, “such contempt of sculpture caused by cast-making, that the whole land of Gascony and surrounding places were full of molded figures in baked earth, which had been brought for sale to fairs and markets, and there sold at two liards a piece.”

Chiefly important to us are these twelve years of Palissy's life, as the principal period of his unconscious education.

First, and chiefly, he continued his studies in the great school of nature; he wandered among the works of the Divine Artist, and studied both the forms and the chemistry of nature. Amid the gorges and the peaks of the Pyrenees, he would become familiar with the varied beauty and grandeur of mountain scenery, fantastic and sublime in its forms, transcendent and magical in its hues; and thus, drinking in the spirit of the mountains and the woods, he laid the foundation of his wisdom as a philosopher—he treasured up lessons as an artist, and was filled with inspiration as a poet—he studied earths, and rocks, and insects, and trees—the gray hues of mountain sunrise, and the crimson splendors of his setting—the fresh greenness of the budding leaf, and the changeful coloring of its gorgeous decay; thus educating his soul and his eye, where the true artist must ever educate them, in the great school of nature. He became, in fact, an accomplished naturalist, questioning men much, but nature more. He visited the laboratory of the chemist and the workshop of the artisan; but he always turned with eagerness and joy to the perfect laboratory and productions of nature. Nothing is so palpably characteristic of him, in his artless revelations of himself, as his nature-worship.

Nature was the nurse of his genius, and the mother of his art; she supplied his models, and suggested his processes; and from the rocky bed of the stream, the wild recess of the forest, the awful cleft of the mountain, and the mysterious depth of the cavern, she taught him his lessons, and filled him with the sympathies of a true artist. The secret of nature, like the secret of Him who made it, "is with them only that fear her."

Secondly. He extended his knowledge of various arts; he was commendably curious about antiquity, eagerly inquisitive of modern art and science; he even dabbled in alchemy, being, as he tells us, "alchemist enough to live upon his teeth." He spared no pains, grudged no money, whereby he might acquire knowledge. He was an observant student, and eager questioner of the intellectual world of men. He questioned philosophers of their knowledge, and learned wisdom from the rude instincts of the peasant. He sought localities famous for particular manufactures, and connected diverse arts by laying hold of their common principle. He studied books, that he might acquaint himself with the learning of the ancients, and listened to legends which might enrich his inventive imagination. He dreamed the alchemist's dream, and educated his hand to the workman's art. He studied habits of social life, and the various play of human passions. And thus he became, what such a student of men and things must inevitably become, one of the wisest and most practical of philosophers—the Franklin of France.

Two other influences were very momentous to him in his subsequent career. One of these was his acquaintance with the doctrines of the Reformation, and the other influence was *love*. Whether he had carried with him from Perigord the image of some fair Gascon idol, for the fealty and worship of his wandering heart—whether, through these twelve years of peregrination through France, some lodestar shed its bright beams and sweet influences upon his lonely path, refining his thought, and purifying his heart, and concentrating his life, as only a pure love can—whether, in all his toils and privations, he was sustained and stimulated by the

"Love that sweetens sugarless tea,
And makes contentment and joy agree
With the coarsest boarding and bedding"—

whether he carefully nurtured, all this while, the vestal fire of a first passion, the pure and precious inspirations of a youthful love; or, whether his love was only first kindled at the sober age of

twenty-nine, when he married, we are not told; but we may easily understand how such a love might be, as it is to thousands, the earthly power that kept him so pure and unsophisticated, so loyal to truth and virtue during these twelve years of perilous travel, so "simple concerning evil, and so wise to that which is good."

Palissy married, and enshrined his Penates in the pleasant and picturesque old Roman town of Saintes, the capital of the province of Saintonge, on the western coastline of France; and there he subsisted by whatever employment his triple capability as glass-stainer, portrait-painter, and surveyor, could procure for him. Here, after twelve years of weary wandering, he found a home; and here, in deep, tranquil happiness, his first years of married life passed. But his children multiplied rapidly; supplies came in slowly; and the activities and inquisitiveness which the first contentments of love and home had allayed, were excited again by the necessities of his family. Victorine could not help wanting a "grass-green camlet," and little Paul wanted his calotte; and Palissy awoke again to a conscious capacity and yearning for greater things. "Twenty-five years since," says he, writing a quarter of a century after, "there was shown to me an earthen cup, turned and enameled with so much beauty, that from that time I entered into controversy with my own thoughts, recalling to mind several suggestions that some people had made to me in fun when I was painting portraits. Then seeing that these were falling out of request in the country where I dwelt, and that glass-making was also little patronized, I began to think that if I could discover how to make enamels, I could make earthen vessels and other things very prettily, because God had gifted me with some knowledge of drawing; and, therefore, regardless of the fact that I had no knowledge of clays, I began to seek for the enamels as a man gropes in the dark." Ay, and every man who would tread in untrodden paths, and discover unknown things, must "grobe in the dark"—at first; grope his way, that is, out of the cavern of ignorance into the sunlight of knowledge. The path may be crooked; projecting rocks may be awkward and hindering, and inflict various contusions upon him; but sooner or later, if a brave and earnest soul, he will find his way out.

The cup was a specimen of the workmanship of Lucca della Robbia, the Palissy of Florence; and, like Newton's apple, it set Palissy's mind a-working—only it did *not* suggest the *law* that it demonstrated. But why seek to recover what was already known? Because no man in France

possessed the knowledge, and Palissy had no means of deriving it. "Somebody," reasoned Palissy, "must have found it out, and why should not I repeat the discovery?"

The Conflict and the Coronation of the Art-Discoverer will form the subject of another paper.

THE GREAT EASTERN.

BY C. ADAMS.

"AND God said unto Noah, Make thee an ark of gopher wood; rooms shalt thou make in the ark, and shalt pitch it within and without with pitch. And this is the fashion that thou shalt make it: The length of the ark shall be three hundred cubits, the breadth of it fifty cubits, and the height of it thirty cubits."

Reducing these measurements to feet, the ark presents us with a vessel four hundred and fifty feet in length, seventy-five feet in breadth, and forty-five feet in depth—a truly enormous structure, and far exceeding the dimensions of any ship afloat.

This last remark has been true from the days of Noah to the present summer; but is likely to be true but a few days longer. There is about to be launched in England a ship to which even Noah's ark must yield precedence, and compared with which all the mighty ships that now plow the ocean, seem diminutive and unimportant. The length of this huge vessel is about seven hundred feet, and its breadth eighty feet.

It may help the conceptions of those who are unaccustomed to such measurements, when we add that the promenade around the deck of this immense craft will be about one-third of a mile long! The depth of the vessel will be sixty feet, or fifteen feet deeper than the ark. In other words, were it to be viewed resting upon the land, instead of in the water, it would present an elevation equal to that of a city warehouse of eight or nine stories in height; and the ascent to the deck from the ground is by a flight of ninety-four steps.

Throughout the vessel, up to three feet above high-water mark, the prodigious hull is constructed double. In other words, there are two hulls—one within the other—the space between the two being nearly three feet. These two hulls are connected together by solid iron plates about six feet apart, and running from end to end of the ship; which plates are crossed, at right angles, by similar plates running across the ship at the same distance apart, thus dividing the entire space between the two hulls into divisions of six feet

square. This arrangement, of course, prodigiously increases the strength of the vessel.

In addition to the above, the hull is divided into several bulk-heads, or compartments, each of which is water-tight—so that though one part of the ship, or even several parts, were to be stove and filled with water, the ship itself, instead of foundering, would go on its way safely, and without interruption, and with scarcely any realization of damage.

If it would help to a conception of this monster structure, let it be supposed to stand upon one end, by the side of Bunker Hill Monument, or the Catholic Cathedral, Cincinnati; then the other end would be at a point in the air just three times as high as the apex of the Monument, or the top of the cross of the Cathedral. Or were the ship to be erected, in like manner, by the side of Trinity Church, New York, it would shoot into the air twice the distance of the spire, and one hundred and eighty feet beyond.

In our simplicity we used to think a ship of five hundred tons, as she sat gracefully upon the waters, a magnificent object, and when, in after times, we looked upon a clipper of sixteen hundred tons, we supposed that perfection had been reached. Still later, however, we saw the "Great Republic," a more wonderful specimen still, and whose shining deck we measured off one day by just one hundred paces. And now prodigious steam-ships are plying between Liverpool and the ports of Boston and New York, bearing the immense measurement of five thousand tons. One would think that here the ultimatum of hugeness had been attained. But no; a craft manifold more huge and wondrous is forthcoming, along side of which the largest ship afloat is but a "circumstance."

The tonnage of the Great Eastern will be nearly five times that of the largest ship besides in the world! Her measurement will be about twenty-three thousand tons—or eighteen thousand tons more than any other vessel.

It would be somewhat curious to glance at what this strange ship would bear up, provided the articles could be placed upon it. It would float, for example, all the buildings of a middling-sized New England village; or it would bear up comfortably all the good people of Brooklyn; which people, if they were to stand hand to shoulder, like state prisoners when marching in and out of prison, would form a column of humanity reaching a distance of ninety miles; or from New York to Philadelphia. Or this ship would not sink under the burden of seven thousand full-grown elephants—which, if they were

to stand head to tail, would form a line of twenty miles in length. Or it would carry twenty thousand large oxen—making a row of thirty miles; or one hundred and fifteen thousand full-sized porkers, reaching, in the same order, the distance of a hundred miles.

This wonderful ship is constructed of wrought iron, of which sixty thousand superficial feet were requisite for the hull. The weight of this iron was eight thousand tons, and, if spread out on a plane surface, would cover nearly one and a half acres. To secure this iron firmly to its place, required three millions of rivets. But how is such a stupendous vessel as this to be *rowed*? In the first place, two steam arrangements are to be brought into requisition. 1. Paddle engines of fifteen hundred horse power, which will work paddle-wheels of fifty-six feet in diameter, and about one hundred and seventy feet in circumference. 2. In addition to these tremendous paddle-wheels, there will be a screw propeller in the stern of the ship, of twenty-four feet in diameter, and which will be worked by other engines, of eighteen hundred horse power. Thus the total power of the several engines will be equal to that of thirty-three hundred horses—which power, when necessary, can be increased to that of five thousand horses.

Thus there will be available for driving this mammoth ship through the seas a power like that of a team of horses extending, two abreast, a distance of about five miles in length, and every horse in steady and equal draft.

Nor is this all. In the second place, in addition to this inconceivable force, the ship is to be provided with an appendage of masts and sails somewhat correspondent with the figures already noticed. Instead of three masts, the usual number even for the largest vessels, this craft is to have an array of six or seven masts, all of which are to be of hollow wrought iron, except the hind mast, or mizzen-mast, which is to be of wood, and on which, at the height of eighty-four feet above the deck, will be placed the compass. The sails that will overspread these masts, are to contain no less than six thousand, five hundred square yards of canvas—an amount of cloth, which, if spread smoothly out, would cover an acre and one-third of ground. Imagine the force of the wind on such a surface of canvas erected in the air, and you will have an idea of the propelling power from the sails alone.

We should decidedly err, however, if, in summing up the whole propelling force of this ship, we were to add that of the sails or wind to the steam-power; for it will not be forgotten that, on the

supposition of the ship's going before the wind, or nearly so, the greater the speed of the engines, the less will be the force from the wind. Hence, if its steam-power is, under such circumstances, driving this wonderful ship through the waves at the rate of twenty miles an hour—about its ordinary speed—it must be a very brisk wind from behind that would affect the sails at all so as to help propel the vessel. Thus, from all ordinary winds of the same direction with the ship's course, she will actually run away, and produce along its far-reaching deck a wind in the opposite direction—so that its vast canvas will be of no use, but a damage rather, whenever the wind is going with the ship, unless such wind approximates in swiftness that of the cars away upon their strong career.

The furniture and accommodations of this ship are marvelous, and in keeping with the rest of the arrangements. The rigging will be of iron instead of hemp, and the large shrouds will be about nine inches in circumference. She will carry twenty large boats upon her deck; and, in addition, two steamers, each one hundred feet in length, will be suspended, one from each paddle-box. Both of these steamers will be about seventy tons burden, and they will be kept, in all respects, perfectly equipped for sea, and will be lowered into the water and raised again by auxiliary engines, and will be used for embarking and landing passengers and their baggage. Of passengers there will be accommodations for four thousand; or if the vessel be ever employed in the transport of troops, she will carry an army of ten thousand men!

The announcement of this wonderful ship is the announcement of a new lesson touching the skill and enterprise of man. We begin to ask, What can not man do? How astonishing the power wherewith he is endowed! He seems capable of playing with the awful ocean as with a little thing. He contemplates a flight through its waters like that of a strong-winged bird through the air; and he is about arranging to transmit language and thought from continent to continent, just as if no vast world of waters lay between.

Also the announcement of this sublime craft is an announcement of a great step forward in the world's progress—it is the harbinger of a new era in civilization. This ship will draw England's vast and scattered empire as if into a single continent. She will rush through the great semicircle, and touch India and the antipodes in thirty days. She will bear England's laws, and literature, and civilization, and religion over the sea more swiftly than the winds of heaven!

THE MOTHER OF JOHN WESLEY.

BY MRS. JULIA M. OLIN.

SECOND PAPER.

SAMUEL, the eldest, was dedicated to the Lord as the first-fruits by his parents—pious, witty, learned—a poet and a scholar. John was the great leader of Methodism, and Charles, the sweet Psalmist of our Israel, who in his exquisite hymns has given voice to the various phases of religious experience, the highest aspirations, and the most profound emotions of Christian hearts for all time. Emilia, the oldest daughter, was of a noble countenance, kind, affectionate, sensible, witty—remarkable for her wonderful memory, her poetic genius, and her fine classical attainments. Married to an apothecary by the name of Harper, she was early left a widow, and after teaching a school for a number of years, she found a home in the preacher's house adjoining the chapel, in West-street, where, maintained by her brothers, and greatly profited by their ministry, she died at a very advanced age, in 1770.

Mary Wesley, somewhat deformed in person, from the mismanagement of her nurse, had a face of exquisite beauty—index to a mind as fair—a serene brow, a complexion combining the lily and the rose, and dark, lustrous eyes. Her lovely, gentle disposition made her the delight of the family, who thought her one of the most exalted of human characters. She did not long survive her marriage with Mr. Whitlam, a poor, but deserving young man, educated at Lincoln College, mainly by the Wesley family, and to whom Mr. Wesley gave up his living at Wroote, with the quaint assurance that he “would not want for springs of water.”

Of Anne—Mrs. Lambert—nothing is known. Susannah—Mrs. Ellison—was sensible, good-natured, and vivacious, with a slight tinge of romance. Unhappily married to a gentleman who, though of good family and fortune, was coarse, uncultivated, morose, and despotic, she at length refused to live with him, and after the destruction of their dwelling-house and property by fire, she found a home with her children, then settled in London. Upon Hetty, a child of brilliant promise from her infancy, much care was bestowed, and at eight years of age she was able to read the Greek Testament. A gay, sprightly child, good-humored, and witty, she grew up to be an elegant woman, of a beautiful countenance, and great refinement of manners. Her poetic talent was refined and polished by her familiarity with ancient classical models. It was sad that all these gifts and graces should be thrown away upon a coarse, uncul-

tivated man, with profligate and intemperate habits. An attachment to a gentleman worthy of her had been blighted by her father's interference, and in her haste she vowed that she would take the first suitor whom her parents might approve. She was thus induced to marry Mr. Wright, a plumber and glazier, in position and character every way beneath her. Nothing but misery could ensue from such an ill-starred marriage. The early death of all her children was caused, in the opinion of the unhappy mother, by the effluvia from the lead works of the manufactory, near which they lived. “A woman forsaken and grieved in spirits,” she turned to the true source of comfort and peace. Cut off from all human help and ministry, able to see her brothers, or any religious person only by stealth, she touchingly says :

“I am enabled to seek him still, and to be satisfied with nothing less than God. I dare not desire health, only patience, resignation, and the spirit of a healthful mind. I have a firm persuasion and blessed hope, that in the country I am going to I shall not sing halleluiah, and holy, holy, holy, without company, as I have done in this.”

The next year she enjoyed the ministrations of her brother, at Bristol, and became connected with the Methodist Society in that place. Joyful in hope, patient in tribulation, her last days were illumined with a happiness her gay, mirthful youth had never known. “Prayed by my sister Wright,” writes Charles Wesley of a visit to her a month before her death, “a gracious, tender, trembling soul—a bruised reed which the Lord will not break.”

Martha was the mother's favorite, the little grave, reflecting child, seated by the mother's side, in the mother's room, and preferring that loving presence to the plays and sports of her brothers and sisters. Her sober thoughtfulness and meek quietness provoked many playful teasings from Samuel and Charles, who, unable to disturb her calm serenity, nicknamed her “Patient Grizzle.” John never joined in these attacks on a sister, to whom he was united with a peculiar sympathy, and who so strongly resembled him, that their friends declared were they dressed alike they would not have been able to distinguish them.

After the fire at Epworth, she went to reside with her uncle Matthew, in London. While there, she became engaged, without the knowledge of her family, to a Mr. Hall, who afterward addressed her sister, Kizzie, at Epworth, and then, as if conscience-stricken, returned to his early love.

She married him, much to the displeasure of her brothers, who were not aware of her previous engagement, and who, in any case, would have disapproved of her uniting herself to a man of so fickle a character. Indeed, the fair promise of Mr. Hall's early life faded away into the darkness of his subsequent career, but the wife bore the manifold miseries of this ill-assorted marriage with the equanimity of spirit by which she was ever characterized. It might almost have seemed the drop too much in the cup of bitterness given her to drink, when her son, Wesley Hall, a promising youth of fourteen, the only survivor of ten children, died of small-pox. Yet even here her faith failed not; she bowed calmly to the stroke; she mourned not over second causes; she gave way to no violence of grief, but in her patience she possessed her soul. And yet she had a heart so "tremblingly alive to human woe," that her physical frame was sometimes prostrated at the sight of misery she could not relieve. Her friendship and conversation were greatly valued by Dr. Johnson. "Her memory," says Dr. Adam Clarke, "was a repository of the most striking events of past centuries, and she had the best parts of all our poets by heart." Tranquil in death as in life, "I have now a sensation," she said to her niece, Miss Wesley, "that convinces me my departure is near; the heart-strings are gently, but entirely loosened." On being asked if she was in pain, "No," replied she; "but a new feeling;" and pressing the hand of her niece just before she closed her eyes, she said, "I have the assurance which I have long prayed for—shout!" and her noble, happy spirit passed away. She died on the 12th of July, 1791, four months and nine days after the death of her beloved brother, John, from whom she was not divided in death, as her remains were interred in the same vault. She was the latest survivor of that family of nineteen children, who, with father and mother, were laid in the grave before her.

Kizzie, the youngest, had a fine mind, but her delicate health deprived her of the cultivation enjoyed by her sisters. After the painful affair of Mr. Hall was at an end, her union with a gentleman to whom she was much attached was prevented by his death. Her own death was a sweet falling asleep in Jesus.

Such were the characters, as revealed in their subsequent life, of that group of children gathered around the mother, whom they loved and revered—boys, already giving intimations of their great future, which the mother kept and pondered in her heart—girls, with fair young faces, bearing no obscure handwriting on lip and brow. Cheer-

fully might Mrs. Wesley give the six hours of her day to the school-room—hours of seed-time, the harvest of which a world was to reap. But amply as was her toil rewarded by the fine development of character in her children, much as her mother's heart must have delighted in their accomplishments, and their varied powers, it must also have been pierced through with many sorrows, as the life-histories of those gifted daughters were unfolded. Shut out probably by their narrow circumstances from the society they were so fitted to adorn, they married men inferior in character, attainments, and position. With but few exceptions, marriage brought woe to the Wesley family. Charles's marriage seemed almost the only genial, prosperous, and happy one. To John, with a wider range of selection, it brought as much misery as to his sisters, except that it was but an episode in his busy, active, earnest career, while to them it was the deep tragedy.

"Believe me, sir," writes Mrs. Wesley to her brother, "it is better to mourn ten children dead, than one living, and I have buried many. Innumerable are the uneasinesses, too tedious to mention, insomuch that what with my own indisposition, my master's infirmities, the absence of my eldest, the ruin of my second daughter,* and the inconceivable distress of all the rest, I have enough to turn a stronger head than mine. And were it not that God supports, and by his omnipotent goodness often totally suspends all sense of worldly things, I could not sustain the weight many days, perhaps hours. But even in this low ebb of fortune, I am not without some lucid intervals. Unspeakable are the blessings of privacy and leisure! when the mind emerges from the corrupt animality to which she is united, and by a flight peculiar to her nature soars beyond the bounds of time and space, in contemplation of the invisible Supreme, whom she perceives to be her only happiness, her proper center, in whom she finds repose inexplicable, such as the world can neither give nor take." Here the wounded heart found its balm—the weary heart its rest.

And this brings us to consider one source of Mrs. Wesley's strength and power. We may find it in the hour of devotional retirement, which she conscientiously observed every morning and evening. The varied duties of wife, mother, and mistress of the family might have served as a good excuse for spending less time in her closet, but it was the very pressure of these accumulated responsibilities that led her to seek that anointing which could alone qualify her for her work. Five

* Susannah, who was unhappily married.

o'clock in the afternoon was the hour sacredly observed in the Wesley family for the hour of devotion—father, mother, and children—the oldest taking apart the youngest, and the second the next, and reading in the retirement of their several rooms the Psalms and lessons of the day. "As for me and my house," might have been Mr. Wesley's motto, "we will serve the Lord."

When her duties allowed, Mrs. Wesley retired at noon for meditation and prayer; and some of these quiet meditations, which she committed to writing, have been preserved:

"I sometimes think," she writes—and we quote the passage to show what spirit she was of—"that if it were not on account of Mr. Wesley and the children, it would be perfectly indifferent to my soul whether she ascended to the supreme Origin of being from a jail or a palace, for God is every-where. No walls, or locks, or bars, nor deepest shade, nor closest solitude, excludes his presence; and in what place soever he vouchsafes to manifest himself, that place is heaven. And the man whose heart is penetrated by divine love, and enjoys the manifestation of God's blissful presence, is happy, let his outward condition be what it will. He is rich as having nothing, and yet possessing all things. Upon the best observation I could ever make, I am induced to believe that it is much easier to be contented without riches than with them. It is so natural for a rich man to make gold his god; it is so very difficult not to trust in, not to depend on it for support and happiness, that I do not know one rich man in the world with whom I would exchange conditions."

In 1712 the quiet of the rectory at Epworth was interrupted by mysterious noises, which the closest scrutiny and the most careful observation failed to understand or explain. First heard by the daughters of the family in their bedrooms, the rector charged the unknown presence not to molest these innocent children, but to come to him in his study. The strange noises were subsequently heard in the study, but they ceased not in the bedrooms. Up stairs and down—in parlor and kitchen—by day and by night, this mysterious visitant—called old Jeffreys by Emilia Wesley—made himself audible. The noises were always violent at the prayers for the King, and therefore a shadowy link of association brings to John Wesley's mind his father's vow, when his mother would not say, amen, and his consequent absence from his home. Mrs. Wesley begged that it might not disturb her hour of prayer, and that hour, from five to six in the morning, was always respected—no mysterious sounds then

broke upon the sacred silence of that holy chamber.

Were such hours, so inviolably sacred to prayer, more frequently redeemed from sleep and from petty cares, mothers would assuredly see their children endowed with the gift of power, won by their patient and persevering supplications—sons going forth, if not with the greatness of the Wesleys, yet girded valiantly for the battle of life—princes prevailing with God.

Mrs. Wesley did not lose sight of her sons when they left her for school and college. The maternal hand that had molded their youthful minds ceased not its loving work. The correspondence exhibits the wisdom of her counsels, and the deference with which they were received, and is characterized by high principle, good sense, and severe conscientiousness.

"I hope," she writes to her son Samuel, in 1709, "that you retain the impressions of your education, nor have forgot that the vows of God are upon you. You know that the first-fruits are Heaven's by an unalienable right, and that as your parents devoted you to the service of the altar, so you yourself made it your choice when your father was offered another way of life for you. But have you duly considered what such a choice and such a dedication imports? Consider well what a separation from the world, what purity, what devotion, what exemplary virtue, are required in those who are to guide others to glory! I say *exemplary*, for low, common degrees of purity are not sufficient for those of the sacred function. You must not think to live like the rest of the world; your light must so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and thereby be led to glorify your Father which is in heaven.

"I would advise you as much as possible, in your present circumstances, to throw your business into a certain method, by which means you will learn to improve every precious moment, and find an unspeakable felicity in the performance of your respective duties. Begin and end the day with Him who is the alpha and omega, and if you really experience what it is to love God, you will redeem all the time you can for his more immediate service. Appoint so much time for sleeping, eating, and company. In all things endeavor to act upon principle, and do not live like the rest of mankind, who pass through the world like straws upon a river, which are carried which way the stream or wind drives them."

"Endeavor," she writes to him the next year, "to get as deep an impression on your mind as is possible, of the awful and constant presence of the

great and holy God. Consider frequently, that wherever you are, or whatever you are about, he always adverts to your thoughts and actions, in order to a future retribution. He is about our beds and about our paths, and spies out all our ways; and whenever you are tempted to the commission of any sin, or the omission of any duty, make a pause and say to yourself, 'What am I about to do? God sees me.'

"Consider often of that exceeding and eternal weight of glory that is prepared for those who persevere in the paths of virtue. And when you have so long thought on this that you find your mind affected with it, then turn your view upon this present world, and see what vain, inconsiderable trifles you practically prefer before a solid, rational, permanent state of everlasting tranquillity. Could we but once attain to a strong, lively sense of spiritual things, could we often abstract our minds from corporeal objects and fix them on heaven, we should not waver, and be so inconstant as we are in matters of the greatest moment; but the soul would be naturally aspiring toward a union with God as the flame ascends, for he is alone the proper center of the mind, and it is only the weight of our corrupt nature that retards its motion toward him.

"Meditate often and seriously on the shortness, uncertainty, and vanity of this present state of things. Alas! had we all that the most ambitious, craving souls can desire, were we actually possessed of all the honor, wealth, strength, and beauty that our carnal minds can fancy, or delight in, what would it signify, if God should say unto us, 'Thou fool, this night shall thy soul be required of thee?'

"I heartily join with your small society," she writes to her son, John, of the society known afterward by the name of Methodists, "in all their pious and charitable actions, which are intended for God's glory. May you still in such good works go on and prosper! Though absent in body, I am present with you in spirit, and daily recommend and commit you all to divine Providence. Your arguments against horse-races do certainly conclude against masquerade-balls, plays, operas, and all such light and vain diversions, which, whether the gay people of the world will own it or no, do strongly confirm and strengthen the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life, all of which we must renounce, or renounce our God, and hope of eternal salvation. I will not say it is impossible for a person to have any sense of religion, who frequents those vile assemblies; but I never, throughout the course of my long life, knew so much as one serious

Christian that did; nor can I see how a lover of God can have any relish for such vain amusements."

These are words to which it would be well for many to take heed in these days, when the distinctions between the Church and the world are in so many instances thrown down.

A manual Mrs. Wesley had prepared for her children, on the Evidences of Natural and Revealed Religion, and a statement of her reasons for joining the Established Church of England, were destroyed, with other valuable family papers, in the fire at Epworth.

In 1735 Mr. Wesley died in great peace, and his wife, who for some days had fainted whenever she entered the room of her dying husband, was enabled to bear this severe stroke with Christian resignation and fortitude. She was now to leave the home where, for forty years, she had known much of joy and sorrow—where she had seen ten of her nineteen children grow up to man's and woman's estate, and she had wept bitter tears over the removal of sons and daughters—where she had clearly seen, and faithfully followed the path of duty, practicing the daily economy that had enabled her to meet the expenses of her large household, and the large hospitality which three times a year—Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide—gathered around the board of the rector the poor who were waited upon by her daughters, and afterward their rich neighbors and friends. Thronging must have been the memories of the past, as Mrs. Wesley, still beautiful in advancing years, passed away from the home she had so adorned and blessed. After residing a short time with her daughter, Emilia, at Gainesboro, she spent the serene evening of her life in the humble dwelling connected with the Foundery, in London, with her sons, John and Charles, greatly edified and blessed by their ministry. A woman of uniform piety, and of deep experience in the things of God, she obtained in her latter days clearer views than she had before enjoyed of justification by faith, and an abiding evidence of her acceptance with God.

Clearly as we can trace many of John Wesley's virtues—his unwearied diligence, order, system, and high-toned conscientiousness—to his mother, we find that the peculiarities of Methodism also received the sanction of this zealous Churchwoman. The meetings of "our society," as Mrs. Wesley called the afternoon gatherings at the Epworth rectory, were surely a foreshadowing of the social meetings in which Methodism has rejoiced, and the appointment of lay preachers, the most irregular part of John Wesley's proceedings,

met her approval. "My son," were the words of this noble woman, "you know what my sentiments have been, you can not suspect me of favoring readily any thing of this kind; I charge you before God, beware what you do, for Thomas Maxfield is as much called to preach the Gospel as ever you were. Examine the fruits of his preaching, and hear him also yourself."

Thomas Maxfield, the first lay preacher, had been ministering with great power and acceptance to crowds of people. Mr. Wesley hearing of this, traveled to London to put a stop to this irregularity, but with his accustomed deference to his mother's judgment, he asked her advice, and followed it. He was found among Thomas Maxfield's hearers the next Sunday morning, and he thenceforth encouraged the lay preacher.

In July, 1742, about seven years after her husband's death, Mrs. Wesley ended her long and useful life. Her son, John, and five of her daughters, were present at the closing scene. "My dear Savior," she exclaimed about twelve hours before her death, "are you come to help me at my extremity at last?" The remainder of her time was spent in praise.

"About three in the afternoon," writes John Wesley, "I went to my mother and found her change was near. I found her pulse almost gone, and her fingers dead, so that it was easy to see her spirit was on the wing for eternity. After using the commendatory prayer, I sat down on her bedside, and with three or four of our sisters, sung a requiem to her departing soul. She was, in her last conflict, unable to speak, but I believe quite sensible. Her look was calm and serene, and her eyes fixed upward, while we commended her soul to God. From three to four the silver cord was loosing, and the wheel breaking at the cistern; and then without any struggle, or sigh, or groan, the soul was set at liberty. We stood round the bed, and fulfilled her last request, uttered a little before she lost her speech: 'Children, as soon as I am released, sing a Psalm of praise to God.'"

Her grave is near that of John Bunyan, in Bunhill-Field, nearly opposite the City Road Chapel, where her son, John Wesley, lies buried. "Almost an innumerable company of people being gathered together," says Mr. Wesley, "about five in the afternoon, I committed to the earth the body of my mother, to sleep with her fathers. The portion of Scripture from which I afterward spoke, was, 'I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away, and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great,

stand before God, and the books were opened; and the dead were judged out of those things that were written in the books according to their works.' It was one of the most solemn assemblies I ever saw, or expect to see on this side eternity."

RELIGIOUS PROCESSIONS AND FESTIVALS OF THE CHINESE.

BY REV. J. W. WILEY, M. D.

WE turn now to another very striking feature in the superstitions of the Chinese; namely, the frequent idolatrous processions which we meet in the streets. The months of July and August being, in most parts of China, very hot months, and the season for a great variety of fruits and vegetables, are attended with much sickness among the Chinese; and this appears to be the most important season for these processions. From what we are able to learn of the design of them, they seem to be intended to frighten away the evil spirits which are supposed to fill the air and produce various diseases. This being the object, every thing connected with them is of a frightful character; and to a foreigner, at first sight, they are really startling. The procession is made up of men and boys, most of them wild with excitement. Children are made to take a large share in the performances. Some of them are dressed in very gaudy style, with flowered coats, and satin boots, and painted hats, and, thus arrayed, strut through the street with a very pompous air before the procession, bearing in their hands curiously-wrought vessels, lanterns, etc., which are used for burning incense and other idolatrous services. Others are found in the procession dressed in curiously-shaped garments, on which are either painted, or inwrought in the material, many strange and fanciful animals, such as dragons, birds, tigers, etc. These children act as attendants on the images, bearing light spears and wearing dark-colored masks, or false-faces, which, being in their dimensions out of all proportion with the size of the children, and, at the same time, greatly disfigured, give quite an unnatural and even frightful appearance to the children who wear them. The procession is generally preceded by a few soldiers, who, instead of swords or guns, carry whips, with which they frequently strike in the air, at the same time crying out with a long, loud voice, which is done with the view of alarming the spirits who are infesting the air, and of driving them before the noisy procession.

The most striking objects in these processions are the frightful images of the Wu-tes, or fire

Shangtes, and their attendants. These fire Tes are imaginary gods of the Chinese, who are supposed to have control over all the demons and spirits, and, therefore, are properly used on these occasions to drive away the evil spirits who are producing the diseases of summer. They are represented by huge figures, bearing some resemblance to the human form, and are borne on the shoulders of men. When passing through the street, each one being carried by a single man, who is entirely concealed from view by the long drapery of the image, they present the appearance of gigantic black men, from ten to fourteen feet high, with distorted and savage features, dressed in long, flowing robes, and strutting along the street with a ridiculous air of pomp and majesty. The features of some of these huge figures are demon-like and really frightful; in others they are mild and interesting; but in all of them the whole image soon becomes very ridiculous to the foreigner by his easy discovery of the foolish cheat, and by its haughty air of pride and mock dignity. Each Te is usually accompanied by a small, humpbacked, dwarfish image, with a giant head, and dark and disgusting features, which is also carried by a boy or man of low stature, who is hid from view by the dress of the image. These are the attendants of the Tes; and if frightfulness of appearance has any thing to do with driving away the evil spirits, I think these deformed and hideous figures should be even more effectual than the tall images of the Tes themselves. The marching of these processions through the streets is always attended with great noise, such as the beating of drums, gongs, and cymbals, the firing of crackers, the noise of various instruments of music, and the hallooing of the crowd. Indeed, it is hard to imagine the wild, frantic excitement of these crowds of spirit-chasers, whose object is to produce a combination of the most frightful sounds and appearances to drive away the demons.

In more than one instance we have noticed the mild and modest image of the goddess Kwan-yin—the Queen of Heaven—in these frantic processions. Another feature, which must not be overlooked, is a very beautifully-constructed paper boat, which, from the frequency with which I have observed it, seems to be a usual attendant of these ceremonies. The boat is generally about twenty feet long, and four or five feet wide, made of paper painted and varnished, and terminated at one end by a great dragon-head, with open mouth, through which there seemed to be a passage into the interior of the boat. The boat is very beautifully ornamented, with the view of

alluring the evil spirits into it—an effect which is also supposed to be produced by the presence of the Tes and the noise of the procession. After the boat is thought to be full of the spirits, it is carried to the river and set afloat, having in it a slow match, which will sooner or later take fire and burn up the boat, and thus the miserable spirits are doomed either to be drowned or burnt.

These processions do not seem to belong to any particular sect, but are more nearly related to the superstitious and demon-loving Taouists than to any others, and occasionally a Taouist priest is found in the procession, or aiding in the ceremony of starting off the boat. Generally, however, they are the work of the people themselves, and they engage in them with great seriousness and earnestness; boys, young men, and old gray-headed men, marching through the hot streets for hours, engaged in this superstitious but exciting work.

From these superstitious processions we readily turn to the equally superstitious festivals of the Chinese. The Chinese calendar is almost as liberally supplied with festival-days as is that of the Romish Church, and as these partake largely of a religious character they are properly noticed here. Among the most interesting, observed by the people at large, the first to claim our attention is the festival of the New Year. As the Chinese year is luni-solar, comprising twelve lunar months, to which an intercalary month is added when requisite, it does not correspond with our year, and its festivals are very variable in relation to the dates of our solar year. The Chinese new year usually falls in February or March, and is the time for universal feasting and merry-making. It is the grand holiday of China—the officer, merchant, and the laborer, all equally desist from work and zealously engage in the festivities of this season. All the public offices are nominally closed for thirty days, during which period none but very important business is transacted. On the last evening of the old year all tradesmen's bills and small debts are paid, a failure to do which involves a loss of credit, and frequently the entire bankruptcy of the individual. Many of the traders of China, unable to meet their liabilities, and unwilling to endure the shame and reproach of this failure, commit suicide, and thus the new year, to not a few families, becomes a season of mourning instead of festivity.

The festival begins at midnight, and is ushered in by the ceremonies of various offerings made in the houses, on the streets, or at the temples; many of the temples are lighted up, and lighted candles and burning incense are placed before the domestic idols in every house. We have had occasion

to pass through the streets at a late hour of the night that precedes the new year, and have witnessed the gay illuminations and the joyous festivities of this occasion. Some parts of the street seemed to be on fire with the burning joss-sticks, sacrificial paper, fire-crackers, etc. As soon as the day appears visits of congratulation are paid and received, and new-year's gifts and presents are sent to particular friends. Silks, embroidery, fine tea, fruits, sweetmeats, ornaments, toys, etc., circulate freely at this season. Places of business are all closed, but the streets are thronged with these visitors, and with servants, bearing on large trays, decked with gay ornaments, the presents of the season. Actors, musicians, dancers, jugglers, and every species of player and trickster, find ample employment for their talents at this time, when grand entertainments are given by the rich, and theatrical exhibitions are given in the streets and at the temples, at the expense of government, or by subscriptions among the people.

Fifteen days after the festivities of the new year, the second great festival, and the most brilliant of all, is celebrated throughout the empire. This is the "feast of lanterns." Of all the beautiful things made by the Chinese, we have always thought the most beautiful to be their lanterns, which are made of every conceivable form, but of such light texture that they have been but seldom conveyed to foreign countries. Indeed, the richest and gayest of these fragile machines are of a size which forbids this transportation. For many days preparations are made for this brilliant festival. Every Chinaman, from the viceroy to the fisherman, seems to provide himself with a lantern for the occasion, each striving to surpass his neighbor in the oddity or brilliancy of his illuminating machine. Hence, the season presents an infinite variety of these lanterns. Some very small, but of exquisite workmanship; some made of horn, others of transparent paper, others of silk; some globular, looking, when lighted, like a great globe of fire; some several feet long and of various shapes, borne by a number of men; some in the form of dragons, fish, birds, tigers, etc.; some exhibiting moving figures, as men on horseback, ships sailing, soldiers marching, people dancing, etc.

At length the night arrives. Every city, village, and hamlet throughout the country is brilliantly illuminated. A lantern of some kind hangs at every door; many are hung upon the trees, suspended to the triumphal arches, and attached to the lofty pillars, indicating the official residences. The city seems to be on fire, or, rather, indeed, to have been suddenly transformed into

thousands of brilliant lanterns. The streets are crowded with the multitude, each individual bearing in his hand, or on the top of a pole, a lantern. Processions are formed in various parts of the city, presenting the most brilliant spectacle imaginable. This large lantern is covered over with designs of gardens and flowers; that one with landscapes; another with scenes on the ocean; another with military displays; here is one bearing the figure of a gigantic dragon, transparent throughout and brilliantly illuminated, which, by the slightest touch, seems to be thrown into a thousand contortions. The rivers and canals present scenes that rival the displays in the streets. The junks, sam-pans, boats of fishermen, are all hung with lanterns, and many boats prepared for the occasion, and brilliantly illuminated, and gayly dressed with silks and ribbons, are seen flying to and fro on the water. The greatest gayety reigns over all. Nothing is heard but joyous shouts and the noise of instruments. Grand displays of fireworks, in various localities, close the brilliant scenes of this festival. It is impossible to determine the real origin of this festival; like so many other Chinese customs its original import is lost in the obscurity of past ages, and the people observe it with as much punctuality and zest as ever, without stopping to inquire into its significance.

The festival of dragon-boats, occurring usually in June or July, is another gay and interesting occasion. On this day hundreds of odd-shaped boats, made as nearly as possible to resemble huge dragons floating on the water, are seen launching out on the rivers crowded with men. The boats are very gayly painted and ornamented with silks, painted paper, streamers, flags, etc., and from their shape are denominated *lung sung*, or dragon-boats. With these boats various companies race back and forward on the river, the rowers singing, and shouting, and straining every nerve both to increase their speed and heighten the noise of the occasion. Each boat has a sort of drum, on which is kept up a constant beating. The banks of the river are crowded with people, mingling their shouts with those of the rowers. The vessels being very long, narrow, and fragile, and the number of persons on board being too great for the little craft, it often happens that the boats capsize or even break in two, and the festival is usually accompanied with the loss of several lives. These races are closely connected with the processions above referred to, occurring at the same season of the year, and contemplating the same object. The shouts of the rowers and of the thousands of spectators, and the noise of the drums and other instruments, as well as the dragon

form of the boats themselves, are supposed to terrify the evil spirits and drive them from the rivers, on which so many thousands of the Chinese make their constant homes.

We will conclude this article by noticing two other festivals of interest, connected with the superstitious notions of the Chinese with regard to the dead. We have already referred to the ancestral worship, or veneration for the dead, which is universal in China. We need not here again revert to this. But in addition to the ordinary funeral rites and ceremonies, and the customs with reference to deceased ancestors already noticed, two general festivals are set apart for supplying the wants of the dead. The first of these occurs in April, and is called the festival of the tombs; the second in July, and is called the "burning-clothes" festival. In all the three sects which prevail in China, the idea of a life of some kind after the present is prevalent. Some believe in the transmigration of souls; some that the spirits of their friends pass into another world, where they follow the same pursuits, and have the same wants as in this life; others suppose that good souls go to the "heavenly palace" prepared for them, but where, like all other spirits, they still need clothes, food, money, etc., and are dependent for these things to a great extent on their friends who still live; other souls are supposed to pass into a kind of purgatory, and to suffer considerable punishment for their sins; but these punishments may be greatly lightened by the friends of the dead supplying their wants. Thus the mass of Chinese believe that their friends have need of nearly the same things after death as while they were living, and on this belief rest all the striking funeral rites of this strange people, and also the ceremonies of these two festivals for the dead. Money, clothes, houses, furniture, even servants, and every thing else that man needs for his comfort, are manufactured out of paper. The manufacture of these artificial articles constitutes one of the most extensive occupations of the empire, and millions of dollars are annually expended for these sacrificial emblems; sometimes these things are merely painted on paper, but at other times they are made up into the forms of the things they are intended to represent, and the benighted natives, many of them so poor that they can not supply their own wants, buy large quantities of these sacrificial articles, which they burn at the graves of their deceased friends, supposing them to be converted into spiritual money, clothes, etc., and used by their friends in the spirit-world.

At the festival of the tombs, the millions of

the Chinese repair to the cemeteries which are found on almost every hill-side of the empire, bearing with them brooms, food, and arms-full of sacrificial paper. The weeds and dirt are cleared away from the graves, and repairs, needed in the brick or mud-work of the tombs, are carefully made. An offering of food is spread before the house of the dead, and the departed are invited to partake of the feast. After the spirits of the deceased have partaken of the spiritual portion, the friends consume what is left! Then large quantities of sacrificial articles are burnt upon the grave, and the people return home, satisfied that the spirits of their departed friends are well supplied for another year. The burning-clothes festival, which is much observed by the people of the Fuhkien province, has more particular reference to the wants of the poor and friendless spirits, whose friends have run out, or are unable to provide for them, and for the spirits of such as have been drowned at sea, or perished by accident, etc. The festival is general, and lasts fifteen days. Clothes made of various colored papers, sacrificial money, and other articles are burnt in the streets, on the boats, and on public highways, that they may pass to the invisible world, for the benefit of the poor and destitute. Prayers are also recited, and food offered, and, on some occasions, even rich feasts are prepared for the poor and hungry ghosts!

A SINGULAR FASCINATION.

HE who would develop clearly and fully the "philosophy of fascination," would deserve well of his race. An English paper gives a singular instance in the case of a young man who visited a large iron manufactory. He stood opposite a large hammer and watched with great interest its perfectly regular stroke. At first it was beating immense lumps of crimson metal into thick black sheets; but the supply becoming exhausted, at length it only descended on the polished anvil. Still the young man gazed intently on its motion, then he followed its stroke with a corresponding motion of his head; then his left arm moved to the same tune; and, finally, he deliberately placed his fist upon the anvil, and in an instant it was smitten to a jelly. The only explanation he could afford was, that he felt an impulse to do it; that he knew he should be disabled; that he saw all the consequences in a misty kind of manner, but that he still felt the power within above sense and reason—a morbid impulse, in fact, to which he succumbed, and by which he lost a good right hand.

TO MY BROTHER.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

JULIE, it does not seem to me
So many years ago,
That on the hill-side far away
They laid our mother low.

The chill of that November day
Is on my spirit still;
But thou wert but an infant then—
Thou didst not heed that chill.

But I beside our brothers walked,
A wretched little maid;
Praying that thou and I might soon
Be with our mother laid.

For, prophet-like, my aching heart
Foretold the hapless fate,
The future held in store for those
Her death made desolate.

And thou wert but a tender babe;
A feeble maiden I:
And in the bitterness of grief
I prayed that we might die.

Bereaven of our mother's love,
What could the world confer?
I would have gone, and carried thee
Down to the dust with her.

But years have passed with reckless speed—
Thy sister's youth is o'er;
And thou, the babe our mother left,
Thou art a child no more.

A little forward on thy path
Manhood stands beck'ning thee;
O, may'st thou nobly wear its crown,
And guard its purity!

Up through a dark and crooked way
Have thy young feet been led;
With many a bitter morsel has
Thy hungry soul been fed.

But bitter food is healthy, boy,
And rugged ways make strong;
And sweeter fare, and smoother road,
Thou may'st attain ere long.

Look upward, boy, and clasp the Hand
Wide open all the day;
Waiting to lead thee, lovingly,
Along the heavenward way.

God loveth best the love of youth—
Youth, with its gushing streams
Of hope, and joy, and melody,
Bright with life's morning beams.

His love will lead thee safely on
Through every pass of woe;
His strength sustain thee on the shore
Where death's dark waters flow.

I bear thee on my heart, beloved,
Forever faithfully;
And O! may my memorial be,
My daily prayers for thee!

O God! protect thee from the curse
And deadly power of sin;
And wash thy soul in his sweet blood,
And make thee fair and clean!

Then all thy sister's hopes fulfilled,
Her greatest wants supplied,
She can press onward, light of thee,
To where she would abide.

"THE DISCIPLE IS NOT GREATER THAN HIS MASTER."

BY MARY E. WILCOX.

MASTER and Lord! my lot on earth is better far than
thine,
And shall I at its lowliness ungratefully repine?
Shall I gaze, with vainly longing eyes, up Fame's un-
scaled ascent,
And cloud the morning of my days with sullen discon-
tent?
No! by thy first, rude manger-couch, and by thy humble
birth,
I bless thee for my station 'mid the lowly ones of earth!

A life of stormy suffering—a dreary life was thine—
And shall I, at my lesser griefs, despairingly repine?
No! by the tears which thou so oft in sorrowing love
didst shed;
By the cold ground where thou didst kneel in agony and
dread;
By all the sorrows borne by thee throughout thy earthly
years,
I thank thee for my sufferings, I bless thee for my tears!

O, meek and gentle Son of God! a life of toil was thine,
And shall I, at my lighter tasks, impatiently repine?
O, shall I faint beneath the care and burden of my lot,
When thou didst labor to redeem a world that loved thee
not?
Because no sheltering roof is mine, shall faith give place
to dread?
Thou hadst not where, O Son of man, to lay thy weary
head!

Exalted Son! thou reignest now beside the Father God—
While yet a rougher path than mine thy own dear feet
have trod.
Then softly say unto my heart, as to the sea, "Be still!"
And as the waves of old were hushed, hush my tempest-
uous will,
And let me deem no toil too hard to bear for love of
thee,
Since thou hast borne a weary life and fearful death for
me.

WHERE LIBERTY IS FOUND.

Go seek earth's loftiest heights, and ocean's deepest
caves,
Go where the sea-snake and the eagle dwell;
Where nature is, and man is not,
And ye may see afar, impalpable as the rainbow on the
cloud,
The glorious vision—LIBERTY. MISS MITFORD.

THE HIGHLAND FAMILY.

BY J. T. BARR, A. M.

"Grieve not for me—th' unrippled summer sea
 Ebbs not more tranquilly—grieve not for me!
 Resigned I die, and trust to be forgiven
 Through Him who bled that man might rise to heaven."

THERE is a small, picturesque village in the North Highlands of Scotland, called Clacknaharry. The name is Gaelic, and signifies the "watchman's stone," so called from a rock in the immediate vicinity, on which sentinels were placed in the olden time, to give notice to the burghers of Inverness of the approach of any body of the marauders, who, in those barbarous times, were very numerous, and exceedingly troublesome to the inhabitants. The village is situated at the mouth of the great Caledonian Canal, and about a mile and a half from the ancient town of Inverness. Nothing can exceed the romantic character of the scenery, which, in all directions, meets the eye in this northern locality. The prospect is beautifully diversified by the expansive waters of the Beaulf Firth, fringed to the very margin by waving woods, shattered cliffs, ridges covered with somber heath, and glens, in which an infinite variety of shrubs appear to grow in wild luxuriance. Here also the antiquary will be delighted with a vitrified rampart, the relic of an age unknown, situated on a steep hill, called Craig-Phadrie. This hill is supposed to be the site of a castle, which belonged to Macbeth, the regicide and usurper. On the north, the mighty Ben Nevis, crowned with eternal snow, and the blue peaks of the Ross-shire and Sutherland Mountains, at once arrest the attention; while in the south, Inverness appears like a beautiful star, shedding brightness on the gorgeous landscape; its lofty spires, its lovely villas, and stately castle, situated on an eminence, on the banks of the river Ness—all these objects present to the eye a scene of unrivaled beauty.

In this romantic village, Donald M. drew his earliest breath. His mother died immediately after giving him birth. He was therefore left, with a sister about four years older than himself, to the care of a pious father, who was universally respected for his many amiable qualities. Under his holy counsels, conveyed in language the most attractive, the brother and sister became early impressed with the importance of personal religion. So that in their younger days they sought and found the "pearl of great price." Thus the happiness of Mr. M. was greatly enhanced by seeing his beloved children walking in the fear of God, and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost.

The Scottish people are proverbial for their love

of learning; and the facilities for obtaining it, in every town in Scotland, are so considerable, that the children of the poor may secure an excellent education at the smallest expense. I have myself witnessed, when visiting several of their public seminaries, youths without shoes and stockings, repeating, with astonishing readiness, their Greek and Latin exercises.

Mr. M. was a poor man; but he had too high a value for education to neglect it on the part of his children. Donald and his sister Agnes were accordingly sent to an academy at an early age; and, such was their progress in learning, that, in mental acquirements, they soon outstripped many who had been longer under instruction than themselves.

Shortly after leaving school, and when in her sixteenth year, Agnes was received into a respectable family as governess to the younger children; a situation which her superior education and winning manners had so eminently qualified her to fill. Here she remained for a period of four years. But, though exceedingly affable and kind in their treatment of Agnes, no member of the family was pious. The world, and the things of the world, had taken such hold of their affections, that they cared not to seek "the things which are above." This was unfortunate for the youthful governess; for their example produced an injurious effect upon her mind. And as the subject of religion was seldom mentioned, she gradually imbibed the same spirit, and by degrees began to foster in her bosom an attachment to the same worldly pursuits.

The family now removed to London, and, in opposition to the entreaties of her father, who had become too painfully sensible of her backsliding state, Agnes accompanied them. A few letters, couched in the most affectionate language, and expressive of the happiness she enjoyed in the gay metropolis, were subsequently received by her father. But after the lapse of six months, no further communication arrived. To several letters sent to her no answer was returned. This silence, so unaccountable, and so afflictive to the feelings of her father, continued for more than two years. In the mean time, Donald, who had completed his education, had obtained a situation in one of the public schools in Inverness. His piety remained unabated, and he became as a "ministering angel" to his beloved father, during a severe illness, which was doubtless accelerated by his anxiety respecting his absent daughter, and which only terminated in his death. But he was prepared for the change. His dying hour brought glory to his soul.

His cold remains were carried, amid the tears and regrets of many, to the beautiful cemetery in Inverness, and deposited in their final resting-place, till the great day when the trumpet shall sound and the dead in Christ shall be raised to the life eternal. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

Thus, in the morning of his existence—being only about twenty years of age—Donald was an orphan. The spirit of his father, he had reason to believe, had become reunited to that of his sainted mother, in the paradise of God. But while lingering near the spot where their beloved ashes had been laid, and reflecting on his own present forlorn position in society, he remembered that he still possessed a book, which had been his companion through life. That book told him that God would be a father to the fatherless. The same inspired volume also assured him that the Lord is ever nigh to them that put their trust in him. His confidence was strengthened. His afflicted spirit was healed, and he gave expression to the deep resignation that reigned in his soul. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

Having now no natural tie which united him to his native land, he resolved, after much prayer on the subject, to spend his remaining days in the metropolis of England. There were two considerations which prompted him to adopt this determination. The one was, he had been offered a lucrative situation as clerk in the establishment of a kinsman of the minister whose kirk he had been accustomed to attend from a child; the other was the possibility of one day meeting with his long-lost sister.

Every thing was arranged for his departure; and the day at length arrived when he was to leave, perhaps forever, his Highland home. The hills which he had so often climbed in his boyish days, the wild glens, the deep ravines, and smiling straths; Ben Nevis, with its snow-clad summit, and the distant mountains of Sutherland, on which he had so often gazed with enthusiastic admiration—all these he should probably see no more forever.

He sought a final interview with the pious clergyman who had always taken an interest in his welfare. That interview, it will be needless to say, was peculiarly affecting to both. The aged pastor wept like a child on the bosom of the youthful orphan, while giving him his last blessing, and while pleading in his behalf the guidance and direction of Heaven; after which he "accompanied him to the ship."

The sun was hastening down the western sky when the vessel left the harbor. Again and again did the eyes of Donald linger on the scenes of his childhood; and as he proceeded on his voyage, he cast a farewell glance on the spires of Inverness, radiant with the golden rays of the sinking orb, till they were at length lost in the dim twilight of evening.

It will be unnecessary to follow him through the remainder of his voyage. He arrived safely in London, on the third day after his embarkation, and was speedily established in his new situation. Here he found every thing agreeable to his wishes. The labor was comparatively light, and his domestic comforts were more than he could have anticipated. For those providential mercies, in a land of strangers, he continued to pour forth, at a throne of grace, the overflowings of a grateful heart. He also united himself to the Church of which his employer was a member, and became useful as a Sunday school teacher and as a distributor of tracts. When he had been in London about two years his master died, and a few weeks subsequently his business was disposed of.

Thus Donald was bereaved of his best earthly friend, and destitute of a situation. His master, however, had bequeathed to him a small legacy, as a last expression of his personal esteem. This, with a little money which he had carefully saved out of his salary, enabled him to embark in a small way of business on his own account; and by the blessing of God upon his endeavors, he succeeded beyond his expectations. And with his *temporal* prosperity his *spiritual* prosperity proportionally increased. In addition to his other pious exertions for the benefit of his fellow-creatures, he frequently visited several of the parish work-houses in the metropolis, for the purpose of reading the Scriptures, and praying with the unfortunate inmates, who had there sought an asylum from poverty and want; and in this new sphere of duty he had sufficient evidence that the Lord smiled upon his labors.

During one of those visits he was directed to the sick-bed of a poor woman, apparently in the prime of life. But her skeleton-like appearance too plainly indicated that disease had made fearful inroads on her constitution, and that latent grief had corroded her naturally buoyant spirit. But that countenance still exhibited some traces of youthful beauty, like the silvery light of the moon resting on a marble tomb. He spoke to her affectionately about the concerns of her soul; and her replies to his several questions satisfactorily showed that her soul was ripening for glory. As

they continued to converse, the tone of her voice appeared familiar to Donald; and the Scottish accent with which she spoke, assured him that he must have seen her before.

"Were you ever in the Highlands of Scotland?" he inquired.

"O yes," she replied, "I was born there."

"In what part?"

"In the village of Clacknaharry, near Inverness."

"Is your name Agnes M.?" he now inquired with almost breathless suspense.

"It is," was the answer.

"Gracious Heaven! then you are my sister—my long-lost sister! I am Donald!"

It will be impossible to describe the sensations which pervaded the bosom of each, at this unexpected recognition. They gazed on each other with tender delight, and spontaneously mingled their tears, as past scenes rushed to their recollection.

"I will have you conveyed to my house immediately, my dear Agnes," said Donald; "it shall never be said that my sweet sister died in a work-house."

But the medical attendant, who now happened to enter the room, declared she was too ill to be removed, and that there was no hope of her recovery.

Donald, therefore, resumed his seat by the bedside, and listened with intense feeling to the story of her sufferings, which, in a scarcely audible voice, and with frequent pauses, she essayed to recount.

For some time after her arrival in London, it appears she keenly felt the solitariness of her position; for, though surrounded by the teeming population of the vast metropolis, she felt herself to be a stranger in a stranger's land. She was delighted, therefore, to form an acquaintance with some young females, who resided in the neighborhood, and who professed to be religiously inclined. With them she often spent her leisure evenings. During one of these visits she was introduced to a young man, whom she was told was a relation of the family; but which subsequently proved to be utterly false. His appearance was prepossessing, and his manners peculiarly insinuating. From this time his visits became frequent; and it was evident he had formed an attachment for Agnes, which proved to be reciprocated by the thoughtless girl. He warmly solicited her hand; and in an evil hour, without seeking the advice of any one before taking such an important step, she became united to him in marriage. For a few months after their

union, his behavior was becoming; though the late hours at which he returned home, often created in the bosom of Agnes a suspicion that all was not right. At length the mask was removed, and her husband appeared in his true character, as a confirmed libertine. All her entreaties to reclaim him were unavailing. Indeed, on several occasions, while remonstrating with him on the subject of his irregularities and intemperate habits, he brutally struck her. He had for some years filled the situation of clerk in a mercantile office in the city, and received a handsome salary. But this became insufficient to meet his growing extravagances. All the money which his poor wife had saved, while in the capacity of a governess, he had already squandered; so that her future prospects were gloomy in the extreme. While musing on her distressing situation, in her solitary apartment, her heart was almost broken; and, like the afflicted Psalmist, she literally "watered her couch with her tears." As she had consulted no friend before taking the imprudent step in reference to her marriage, she had now no friend to whom she could with confidence unbosom her sorrows. She regarded her present sufferings as a just retribution for her departure from God, and her conformity to the world. This thought alone gave poignancy to the grief which preyed upon her sensitive mind.

These reflections, however, were not without their beneficial effect. They led her once more to the foot of the cross, and again to seek that peace which, by her backsliding, she had forfeited. Nor did she seek in vain. After many sleepless nights, and much wrestling with God in secret, she was enabled, with a penitent heart, to cast herself on the Divine mercy, through faith in a crucified Savior. Thus she was made happy in God. The night of gloom had passed away, and the sunshine of heaven revisited her soul. But her temporal trials continued to increase; and had it not been for the support which she now derived from the promises of her heavenly Father, she must have necessarily sunk under their accumulated weight. Her husband had forfeited his situation by his repeated negligences, and immediately abandoned his wife. No one knew where he had gone.

Friendless, and in poverty, poor Agnes wrote to the family who had brought her from Scotland, begging to be restored to her former situation. But being disgusted, as they said, at her conduct, they refused to receive her. In this extremity she saw no alternative than to commence a little school, trusting, by this means, to be preserved from actual want. She could not return to the

home of her childhood, among the Highland mountains, for she had no money. And she felt ashamed to acquaint her father with her pitiable position in London, lest it should lacerate his tender feelings. In her new pursuit she partially succeeded. She instructed a number of small children, but on terms which barely provided for her the necessities of life. Her health, however, had been so greatly impaired by the complicated sufferings she had been called upon to endure, that her constitution at length gave way; and she was compelled to seek an asylum in the parish work-house; not doubting it would afford but a temporary asylum, till called to the "bosom of her Father and her God."

I need not say that this affecting relation brought many tears into the eyes of poor Donald, and awakened in his bosom the tenderest sympathy toward his dying sister. He continued to weep as if his heart would break. But the exertion of Agnes in detailing these particulars almost overpowered her. The cold sweat gathered copiously on her forehead, and her heart began to beat with quickened pulsations. Donald continued at her bedside, ministering the consolations of religion, and directing her to that "better country," where "God shall wipe away all tears; where there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away."

Deep was the impression, and sweet was the effect of these soothing words to the spirit of Agnes. She felt that she was "washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb," and could therefore rejoice in sure and certain hope of immortal blessedness, through the infinite merits of her adorable Redeemer. Death had lost its sting, and the grave its victory; and she was anxiously looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life.

As her devoted brother continued to watch her wasting frame, he was convinced that the hour of her departure was fast approaching; and that he should soon be bereaved of his only earthly relation. In this he was not mistaken; for before the morning sun had poured his earliest beams through the window of the gloomy apartment in which the dying saint had been immured, her spirit passed away.

"My dear Donald," she faintly whispered, "meet me in heaven!" and the mortal struggle was over—

"'Twas past—the strife was over—like a wave
That, melting on the shore it meant to lave,
Dissolves away; like music's solemn sound
'Mid cloistral roofs reverberating round,

Fainter and fainter; like the latest ray
Caught by the hill-top from expiring day,
So fair, so faint she wanes; without a sigh,
Like dew sipped by the sun, 'twas hers to die
And borne on viewless plumes, to nature's Lord,
From sorrow and from sin her spirit soar'd."

Donald directed the corpse to be removed, and, at his own expense, had it decently interred in the church-yard of St. Andrew. There he would often retire to indulge in melancholy musings on the grave of poor Agnes; and many a sigh has burst from his bosom at the recollection of the many privations which caused her to wither in the very flower of her age, and which accelerated her progress to a premature end.

Donald never returned to his native land, but remained in London till removed by death to a "better country." He died at a good old age, and his hoary head, being found in the way of righteousness, was a crown of glory. "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

SUBMISSION.

BY S. ADAMS LEE.

1 Peter iv, 12, 13.

THINK it not strange, O ye whose gladsome hours
Float on through vales of loveliness and song;
Long have ye mingled earth's decaying flowers
With the pure garlands that to heaven belong.

Think of the time when those bright scenes around you
Lest for the yearning heart their only grace;
Think of the day when pard'ning mercy found you,
And lit your pathway with new loveliness.

Think it not strange, if, when your footsteps, straying,
Have lost their way in this fair wilderness,
From the dread cross you hear your Savior saying:
"This is the way to peace and holiness."

Think it not strange, thou child of self-denial,
Though scarce emerged from sorrow's bitter wave,
Thine eye should meet a scene of sharper trial,
Still is thy Guide and Keeper strong to save.

What though thine earthly plans be all defeated,
Bend in submission to the smarting rod;
Go fearless through the furnace seven times heated,
And One shall meet thee "like the Son of God."

Soon shall the pearly gates unfold before thee,
O, listen! 'tis thy Shepherd's gentle voice:
"Partaker of my sufferings and my glory,
Think it not strange, beloved, but rejoice!"

A FRAGMENT.

MAN is a pilgrim spirit, clothed in flesh,
And tented in the wilderness of Time.
His native place is near th' eternal throne;
And his creator God.

THE LAND OF SOULS—AN IROQUOIS LEGEND.

THERE was once a very beautiful young girl, who died suddenly on the day she was to have been married to a handsome young man. He was also brave, but his heart was not proof against this loss. From the hour she was buried, there was no more joy or peace for him. He went often to visit the spot where the women had buried her, and sat musing there, when, it was thought, by some of his friends, he would have done better to try to amuse himself in the chase, or by diverting his thoughts in the war-path. But war and hunting had both lost their charms for him. His heart was already dead within him. He pushed aside both his war-club and his bow and arrows.

He had heard the old people say, that there was a path that led to the land of souls, and he determined to follow it. He accordingly set out, one morning, after having completed his preparations for the journey. At first he hardly knew which way to go. He was only guided by the tradition that he must go south. For a while, he could see no change in the face of the country. Forests, and hills, and valleys, and streams had the same looks which they wore in his native place. There was snow on the ground when he set out, and it was sometimes seen to be piled and matted on the thick trees and bushes. At length it began to diminish, and finally disappeared. The forest assumed a more cheerful appearance, the leaves put forth their buds, and before he was aware of the completeness of the change, he found himself surrounded by spring. He had left behind him the land of snow and ice. The air became mild, the dark clouds of winter had rolled away from the sky; a pure field of blue was above him, and as he went he saw flowers beside his path, and heard the songs of birds. By these signs he knew that he was going the right way, for they agreed with the traditions of his tribe. At length he spied a path. It led him through a grove, then up a long and elevated ridge, on the very top of which he came to a lodge. At the door stood an old man, with white hair, whose eyes, though deeply sunk, had a fiery brilliancy. He had a long robe of skins thrown loosely around his shoulders, and a staff in his hands.

The young Iroquois began to tell his story; but the venerable chief arrested him before he had proceeded to speak ten words. "I have expected you," he replied, "and had just risen to bid you welcome to my abode. She, whom you seek,

passed here but a few days since, and being fatigued with her journey, rested herself here. Enter my lodge and be seated, and I will then satisfy your inquiries, and give you directions for your journey from this point."

Having done this, they both issued forth to the lodge door.

"You see yonder gulf," said he, "and the wide stretching blue plains beyond. It is the land of souls. You stand upon its borders, and my lodge is the gate of entrance. But you can not take your body along. Leave it here with your bow and arrows, your bundle and your dog. You will find them safe on your return."

So saying he re-entered the lodge, and the freed traveler bounded forward as if his feet had suddenly been endowed with the power of wings. But all things retained their natural colors and shapes. The woods and leaves, and streams and lakes, were only more bright and comely than he had ever witnessed. Animals bounded across his path, with a freedom and a confidence which seemed to tell him there was no blood shed here. Birds of beautiful plumage inhabited the groves and sported in the waters. There was but one thing in which he saw a very unusual effect. He noticed that his passage was not stopped by trees or other objects. He appeared to walk directly through them. They were, in fact, but the souls or shadows of material trees. He became sensible that he was in a land of shadows. When he had traveled half a day's journey, through a country which was continually becoming more attractive, he came to the banks of a broad lake, in the center of which was a large and beautiful island. He found a canoe of shining white stone, tied to the shore. He was now sure that he had come the right path, for the aged man had told him of this. There were also shining paddles. He immediately entered the canoe, and took the paddles in his hands, when, to his joy and surprise, on turning round, he beheld the object of his search in another canoe, exactly its counterpart in every thing. She had exactly imitated his motions, and they were side by side. They at once pushed out from shore, and began to cross the lake. Its waves seemed to be rising, and at a distance looked ready to swallow them up; but just as they entered the whitened edge of them, they seemed to melt away, as if they were but the images of waves. But no sooner was one wreath of foam passed, than another, more threatening still, rose up. Thus they were in perpetual fear; and what added to it, was the clearness of the water, through which they could see heaps of beings who had perished before, and whose

bones laid strewed on the bottom of the lake. The Master of Life had, however, decreed to let them pass, for the actions of neither of them had been bad. But they saw many others struggling and sinking in the waves. Old men and young men, males and females of all ages and ranks, were there; some passed, and some sank. It was only the little children whose canoes seemed to meet no waves. At length every difficulty was gone, as in a moment, and they both leapt out on the happy island. They felt that the very air was food. It strengthened and nourished them. They wandered together over the blissful fields, where every thing was formed to please the eye and the ear. There were no tempests—there was no ice, no chilly winds—no one shivered for the want of warm clothes—no one suffered for hunger—no one mourned for the dead. They saw no graves. They heard of no wars. There was no hunting of animals; for the air itself was their food. Gladly would the young warrior have remained there forever, but he was obliged to go back for his body. He did not see the Master of Life, but he heard his voice in a soft breeze:

"Go back," said his voice, "to the land from whence you came. Your time has not yet come. The duties for which I made you, and which you are to perform, are not yet finished. Return to your people, and accomplish the duties of a good man. You will be the ruler of your tribe for many days. The rules you must observe, will be told you by my messenger, who keeps the gate. When he surrenders back your body, he will tell you what to do. Listen to him, and you shall afterward rejoin the spirit which you must now leave behind. She is accepted and will be ever here, as young and as happy as she was when I first called her from the land of snows."

When this voice ceased, the narrator awoke. It was the fancy work of a dream, and he was still in the bitter land of snows, and hunger, and tears.

ACTIVITY A SOURCE OF HAPPINESS.

"I HAVE lived long enough," said Dr. Adam Clarke, "to know that the great secret of happiness consists in never suffering the energies to stagnate." How much truer and wiser is this than the maxim of the effeminate Hindoos: "It is more happy," say they, "to be seated than to walk; it is more happy to sleep than to be awake; but the happiest of all is death." Were an archangel to cease from his beneficent activity, we doubt whether he would be any longer happy.

LORD HALIFAX.

BY M. OSBORNE.

AMID the gloomy grandeur of Westminster Abbey, the great presence-chamber of English heroes, "the mausoleum of statesmen, poets, and philosophers," is the statue of Lord Halifax. From surrounding statuary it is easily distinguished. That face, at once indicative of powerful intellect and refined taste, can not be mistaken. Called to take part in the Government at the time of the Restoration, his name has become familiar to the student of English history. He lived at the time of the commonwealth, when the stern Oliver ruled the sterner soldiery. He witnessed the universal triumph with which Charles II was welcomed to the shores of England. He heard the first faint mutterings of the storm that swept James II from his throne, and presented with his own hand the crown to William and Mary, in the name of the Estates of England. The history of his eventful life is intermingled with that of the Government so closely we can not be apprised of the one without having a knowledge of the other.

As a statesman he possessed that comprehension of mind few of his cotemporaries did. The fact of his ability to look a question upon all its sides, has induced the charge of fickleness on his part, but the verdict of posterity is very different. The nobility of his nature led him to take sides with the vanquished; and his sympathies were always with the weaker party. When the popular voice clamored for the death of Stafford, his was raised against it, and his efforts to save the lamented Russel were in vain. To James, Halifax was ever a safe counselor, though he did not approve of his acts. Had the King listened to his counsel for moderation, he would not have so haplessly fallen.

The night James was returning to Whitehall, when the news of the desertion of so many of his friends reached him, and even his daughter, Anne, had deserted the palace, he must have thought of the rejected counsels of Halifax. He gathered the principal ministers around him in council. Clarendon, who had professed loyalty so loudly, now that the King's prospects were shrouded in gloom, addressed him in the language of bitter accusation and reproach. Halifax, to whom James had ever been a most inveterate enemy, now rose. He did not seek to disguise the truth, but presented it to the fallen King with such delicacy, with such sympathy and deference, that those unable to appreciate his magnanimity, accused him of flattery. Macaulay, in relation to this, justly remarks that

what would be flattery when offered to the powerful, is a debt of humanity to the fallen. Although James had lowered him from office, and though the general dissatisfaction which finally resulted in the Revolution is said to have borne the impress of the mind of Halifax, yet, in the hour of adversity, his conduct might have been a pattern to others who made greater professions. The King he never forsook till he deserted the throne, and fled to an enemy's country. At the very last moment, when the whole country was flocking to the standard of William, he used his endeavors to effect a reconciliation. But in the very act James left, and Halifax became a supporter of William. He took an active part in the Government, was appointed Keeper of the Seal, and Speaker of the house of lords. His promotion in the new administration provoked the jealousy of his enemies. Whigs and Tories alike united in endeavoring to calumniate him. When the troubles in Ireland began to assume a serious character, he was appointed minister for that country. The disasters of the campaign were attributed to his intentionally acting against the interests of the Government. Howe openly accused him of being the cause of all the calamities of that country.

The late English historians seem to think that the difficulties of the situation were of such a character, that he, with all his genius and eloquence, was unprepared to cope with them. The difficulties of that time needed a man of rougher mold, of more daring spirit, and perhaps of less amplitude of mind. If he had been incapable of viewing them in all their relations, of looking upon every side of the question, he would not have seen so many difficulties. He was thus kept in a kind of equipoise between them all. So we see his very excellences were used as a weapon against him, by those who were envious of his superiority. His only son stood up for him in the house of commons. "My father," says the young nobleman, "has not deserved to be thus trifled with. If you think him guilty, say so. He will at once submit to your verdict. Dismissal from Court has no terrors for him. He is raised, by the goodness of God, above the necessity of looking to office as a means of supporting his rank." The vote was taken. Halifax was acquitted.

When the Parliament again met, it was observed that the seat of Halifax was vacant. He had resigned. He had left the scenes of animosity and strife, which he always peculiarly disliked, for the quiet of his seat in Nottinghamshire. Buried deep in the grand old forest, it welcomed

him to its embrace. It was a fitting place for the refined Halifax. His exquisite taste could be gratified in the forms of beauty around him, which he so well knew how to appreciate. Here he could forget the strife of tongues, and the intrigues of politics, in communion with nature.

A few months previous to this he had been bereaved of two of his sons. The "desolation of his hearth," as he termed it in writing to a friend, must have had its influence in weaning him from the toils of public life, to the purer atmosphere of home. Here the storms of political life could not disturb him. He was no longer the statesman, but the husband and father. Six years he spent in his retreat, in the bosom of his family. He died in London, in April, 1695. At the mansion a joyous company had assembled to witness the nuptials of his son, Lord Ehland, with the daughter of Pottingham. The father was absent, detained in London by indisposition; his malady soon proved serious. True to his characteristic benevolence, he refused to have the family summoned, fearing to cast a gloom over the joyous wedding-day. "He gave orders that his funeral should be private; composed his spirit for the great change with devotions that astonished those who had called him an atheist, and died with the serenity of a philosopher and of a Christian." He was buried but a few feet from the remains of Mary, whose splendid obsequies had been performed about a month before. Thus the statesman, the scholar, the friend of the friendless, went to his rest with the simplicity far more becoming to his gentle spirit than all the noise of pageantry.

EVIL COMPANY.

SOPHRONIUS, a wise teacher, would not suffer his daughter to associate with those whose conduct was not pure and upright. "Dear father," said the gentle Eulalia to him one day, when he forbade her to go, in company with her brother, to visit the volatile Lucinda, "you must think us very childish if you imagine we could be exposed to danger by it." The father took in silence a dead coal from the hearth, and reached it to his daughter. "It will not burn you, my child; take it." Eulalia did so, and behold the beautiful white hand was soiled and blackened; and, as it chanced, her white dress also. "We can not be too careful in handling coals," said Eulalia, in vexation. "Yes, truly," said the father; "you see, my child, that coals, even if they do not burn, will blacken; so it is with the company of the vicious."

OUR PROVIDENTIAL ALLOTMENT.*

BY IMOGEN MERCHIN.

ONE of those sudden changes which so frequently occur in our variable climate in September, had, during the night, translated our friends from the most delightful atmosphere of summer to the raw, chill fog of early autumn. Instead of meeting on the piazza for renewed discourse, they gladly sought the sitting-room, made comfortable by a cheerful wood fire. The drizzling rain, the moaning wind, and the ruffled lake presented a dark contrast to the calm beauty of the previous day, and preached anew the lesson of the instability of all earthly forms of loveliness, and thus enhanced the value of those moral truths which, resting on a firm foundation, are as unchangeable and enduring as the God who originated and upholds them.

Mrs. C—— took her work-basket, and, quietly seating herself in her low chair, prepared her work. Grace, who had ensconced herself in the large stuffed rocking-chair which stood opposite, in a most comfortable posture, half sitting and half reclining, looked surprised, and after a moment exclaimed, "Why, aunt, I thought we were to continue our discussion this morning, and I am quite ready; have you hurried work?"

"Not particularly, Grace. I, too, am quite ready for our discussion; but I hold it as a rule to make the most of time, and when I can accomplish two things at the same moment, without the slightest detriment to either, to do so always. The mechanical performance of this plain work will not at all interfere with the flow of my ideas, or the expression of them either, and I find great pleasure in accomplishing the greatest amount of labor, for life is short and uncertain. You have just returned from school, where every hour had its single object—and as all your occupations were mental, the arrangement was necessary; but now, Grace, when, to become a useful woman in your sphere, much handiwork will be required, it will prove of incalculable advantage to learn to think and work together. It will give you double time for both, and if rightly improved, the monotonous employment of sewing will prove a blessing, not only in the actual comforts it creates for those we love, but while it seems to be of the earth earthy, leaves the mind entirely free for scientific, philosophical, or religious thoughts, as its bent or taste may be. And thus, while we escape the odium of being "blue," we can secretly triumph in our freedom, and outwardly manifest its elevating

influence. So get your work-basket, Grace, and make the first experiment."

Grace rather listlessly obeyed, and resumed her seat, which was not particularly adapted to her employment. Without noticing the disinclination Mrs. C—— remarked:

"We were discussing the subject of Providence as bearing upon individual position and deciding individual duties. We remarked it had a two-fold voice, the tones of which did not always accord. They can either be made to harmonize by continued practice, or if untractably discordant, the one will surely yield and be overpowered by the other. In the majority of cases they are intended to harmonize, and will do so when the religious principle of love and submission to God's will is introduced and allowed full scope for its regulating influence. The exceptions are marked and peculiar, and do not form precedents of example for the general class. I will illustrate. In many individuals some one taste or talent is so predominant that it completely overshadows or governs every other, and outward circumstances seem to possess very little if any influence. For instance, in the musical world Mozart and others, from earliest childhood, yea, from very infancy, before an ambitious or selfish thought could influence, manifested an absorption in that pursuit which excluded every other. To them all outward circumstances would have been equal; that is, it mattered not that they were born of humble parentage, neither would it had they been born of princely line. It was not a taste to be modified or yield to other influences; it was a part of their very nature, and as such must have scope and play. The same remarks apply to individuals eminent in other pursuits. Painting, sculpture, science, each and all, have had their distinguished votaries, who, from babyhood, bore their destiny on their foreheads and in their every action. It is related of Sir Isaac Newton, that when engaged in his astronomical observations and calculations, he would be so perfectly absorbed from all outward things for hours and even days as scarcely to take the food necessary to support life, and sleep was entirely banished. Now these reveries absorbed, upon the whole, a great part of his life; therefore, as far as his relative position was concerned, he was a perfect negation. He neither knew himself nor was known by others as son, brother, or friend; yet unquestionably he fulfilled his destiny, though he then exerted a very faint direct influence upon mankind. But, then, Grace, till another Newton lives none have a right to make him their precedent or rule. There are some females of this class—for instance, Mrs.

* Continued from page 399.

Somerville, the astronomer—but without a knowledge of their domestic history, which must have been peculiar, it is impossible to pass any just decision upon them. Your own memory can multiply illustrations, for I have not time to dwell. There is another class, a favored one, where marked tastes and talents—though not so strong as the instances to which we have referred—are possessed amid the advantages of wealth and leisure; or where they are hereditary, and thus are fully and happily developed under the fostering care and perfect sympathy of parental or fraternal kindness—where the mind may follow its peculiar bent unobstructedly, and yet have room and circumstance for the full play of the affections—where life's great purpose seems fully gained amid the deep enjoyment of its purest gifts. Unquestionably there is discipline in some form, but it is not very obvious to the outward gaze.

“But now, Grace, there is still another class, by far the largest every-where. They have taste, they have talent, they have each their own peculiar temperament, which creates a marked individuality of character; but no one trait so preponderates as to overshadow every other. They love music, but it is not a passion—painting, but they would not make artists—they enjoy travel, but can be content at home—and can appreciate every thing that is beautiful in poetry and prose without aspiring to authorship or wishing to be printed. This is, I was going to say, their mental structure; but their moral views and habits greatly disturb their equilibrium, and pride, vanity, ambition, and selfishness create perverted views, wrong aims, and, therefore, wrong courses, in a multiplicity of instances. They take false views of themselves; therefore their position does not seem to fit them; therefore they are repining and unhappy. Whereas they occupy just the place which the outward providence of God has assigned them, and as there is nothing in their mental structure to push them out of it, the proper regulation of their moral nature, producing right views of themselves, their duties and responsibilities, will make them contented in it, and lead them carefully to consider how they may best fill it in relation to themselves and others. This is the great point to gain. If our ambition were only equal to our powers, the conflict would not be so stern. But there is in most hearts a shrinking from the acknowledgment that we are just like other people, a secret idea that we possess something *peculiar*; and whether that is personal beauty to which no merit can be annexed, or the possession of wealth which others' industry and

love has lavished around us, or a peculiar temperament which unfits us for the common employments of life, we cling to the idea most tenaciously till a higher voice teaches us to think more of the ‘*how*’ than the ‘*what*’ of existence, and till we learn practically to act upon the truth, ‘Ye are not your own; ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your bodies and spirits, which are his.’”

“Now I feel that you are coming home, dear aunt, though I am rather ashamed to acknowledge the picture,” said Grace.

“Let your applications be as secret as you please, dear Grace, I have strong faith that they will be made. If I had time I should like to discuss these points far more widely and deeply, but I forbear or they will not be made as practical as I wish. I hope you now clearly perceive what I mean by a twofold providence, which, combining the inward and outward of human life, defines both our positions and our duties. I hope you grasp the principle in a way that will exert a practical influence.”

“O, yes! I think I grasp it, aunt; but,” said Grace laughing, “I feel as though I had been beguiled into the reception of some commonplace truths, which strike a blow to all my romance and make the actual of life most painfully prominent.”

Mrs. C—— could not but smile at Grace's application; but time was short, and she pursued her object steadily.

“Now, Grace, we draw near our starting-point. The questions before you are, ‘What station do I occupy? What duties have I to perform? What time have I for reading? What kind of reading will be conducive of the greatest benefit to me, and through me to others whom I influence? Shall I aid you more specifically, Grace?’”

“O certainly, aunt, the more minutely the better.”

“Well, then, first we will try the question negatively. You are not a prodigy—you do not threaten to be a musician, a poet, or a painter, though you have a slight inkling for all three. You have not enough wealth to make domestic effort unnecessary, nor so little as to expose you to the drudgery of life. But positively—you possess kind parents who can place around you all life's comforts, who have delighted to bestow upon you the best advantages of education so far, and are quite willing to aid your efforts for continuous improvement. You have a happy home, where religion and affection are shedding their sweetest influences, but in it your duties are as multiplied as your enjoyments. As the eldest

daughter you must aid your mother in her domestic pursuits; as eldest daughter you must influence your brothers and sisters, who look to you for guidance; as the daughter of a minister you must be courteous at all times to his flock, though they may not all suit your tastes and habits, and may require more visiting than you would choose to yield; and as a teacher in the Sabbath school you must make definite efforts for their welfare, both by studying and visiting. You have a good mind and strong desires for personal improvement. You tell me you have two hours for every morning, which you have promised your father to devote exclusively to study, and one hour with him every day alternately for French and mathematics. Thus, through the arrangement of a kind Providence, and the watchful care of your parents, and the early reception of the grace of God, your position and employments are mostly in accordance, but it will require watchfulness to keep them so, or you will find yourself shrinking from the domestic employments you do not love, allowing your studies to encroach upon your fraternal duties, and indulging in reverie to the exclusion of profitable thought. And there, Grace, are your hours of recreation, and they will be many, even amid the performance of all these duties; and here you must especially regard the principle or you will fail and surely destroy the harmony. Your imagination is at present unduly strong—you must curb rather than indulge it. It is not a small point, Grace, or I would not thus urge it. By sad experience I know it is not; and with the inner desire continually impelling you to seek and indulge the ideal, it will require no small degree of moral courage to enable you determinately to resist the books and the reveries which will indulge them. In this age of books temptations will beset you on every side. In almost every house you visit something inviting adorns the center-table, and books are now so cheap they are, in general, freely lent; your young friends, with very few exceptions, are reading indiscriminately all that pleases them; even your Christian friends, some of them, indulge a latitude that will puzzle you; but, dear Grace, let the *providence of temperament* speak to you, and show you that class of reading which even your short experience has taught you is injurious."

"But, aunt, I thought you would specify by name what I might read and what I might not."

"I know you did, Grace, but that has not been my present intention. How can I, when books are publishing faster than I can name them, and something new is continually pressing its claims? My present object is to lead you to think; will

you not, dear Grace? First banish the idea that because the world is full of books we are under an especial obligation to read them; and, secondly, that we are to pursue any literary course because any of our friends embrace it; and, thirdly, that we are ever to make our relative and social duties secondary to what we may call personal improvement. I want you deeply to realize your individuality of character, to ponder well the providences which make you what you are, that you may deeply feel your individual responsibility, and resolve to discharge it to the utmost.

"But I intend to help you, Grace; I shall delight to aid and instruct you; to give you all the benefit of my experience and observation; to name what you may read and what you may not; but that is to be reserved for our correspondence, which we have agreed shall be frequent and familiar. Try, in the light of providence, to settle the question, 'What may I read?' If you do it for yourself in the general sense, you will be the better prepared for my specifications."

"I will, aunt; but truly do I feel that my strength is perfect weakness."

"Well, we must now adjourn this literary meeting," said Mrs. C——, "for I have an engagement of a somewhat different character. Will you visit my kitchen with me for an hour, and aid me in my necessary preparations for the approaching Sabbath? Come, Grace, and learn how pleasant it is to combine duties; the contrast will unquestionably amuse you, but it will be but a fair specimen of your future life. So come, my visionary, and indulge a waking dream."

A SIMILE.

BY A. BAKER, M. D.

Not by some transient thing of time,
Would we essay true worth to praise;
The monument must be sublime,
None else to honored men we raise.
Far in the depths of ocean stood
A rock, through ages still the same;
Around it spread the wat'ry flood,
Above it shone the starry frame.
Oft had the artillery of heaven
Struck it with fury from the sky;
Against it mountain waves were driven,
Yet still it rear'd its head on high.
Thus virtue, founded deep and sure,
Resists temptation's mighty away;
Thus shall the good life's ills endure;
Thus stand when nature fades away.
For when the storms of life are o'er,
The wise and good of earth remain
In endless happiness secure,
As kings and conquerors to reign.

ELLEN, THE LAMB-FEEDER.

BY L. A. EDDY.

AMONG the laborious, self-sacrificing itinerants who visited my father's humble dwelling in the days of my childhood, was one who frequently, at the morning and evening altar, uttered the following petition, which was deeply impressed on my memory: "Lord, help us so to live, that when our earthly career shall have closed, the world will be the better for our having lived in it." I have often thought what a happy world ours would soon become should every Christian daily utter this prayer, and, at the same time, do his utmost to secure the object of his petition. Let every professed disciple of Christ vigorously and judiciously employ all the means of influence within his reach in the noble enterprise of making the world better, and the happy day of Christian triumph will soon dawn when all shall know the Lord; because facilities for doing good are now enjoyed by all who are disposed to avail themselves of them far superior to those possessed by any generation that has preceded us. Indeed, an enumeration of the various enterprises that have a righteous claim on benevolent hearts, would perhaps only bewilder the youthful disciple, for whose special benefit I have taken my pen. Instead of further generalization, therefore, I propose briefly to sketch the experience of one, in a work of faith and labor of love, whose example I earnestly hope will be followed by many readers of the Repository of both sexes.

Ellen was the only daughter of Judge L. Her parents were professors of religion, in easy if not affluent circumstances, and occupied a position in community of such prominence as to give them extensive influence. In her infancy Ellen was dedicated to God in baptism; but as no special effort to secure her early conversion was employed, she grew up destitute of the power, and, to a great extent, of even the form of religion. No pains, however, were spared by her parents to afford her all means of gratification within their reach that were not positively sinful. In fact, she had no relish for the vulgar amusements of the card-table or the public ball-room, and was never particularly pleased with the hollow festivities of those gay circles in which she seemed to be forced by her social position. While at home she amused herself much of the time by assiduous attention to her family of pets, consisting of a lamb, a lap-dog, a kitten, and several cages of birds; and when away at boarding school, she applied herself diligently to her studies; and, unlike too many young ladies in these days, she voluntarily

made the *ornamental* entirely subordinate to the *useful*. The truth is, God was leading her by a way she knew not, and gradually preparing her for a field of usefulness far more ample, and for enjoyment incomparably more complete than she had ever enjoyed.

Ellen graduated with the highest encomiums of her teachers. Her parents were present at the examination, and listened with a degree of delight and pride which they could not entirely conceal to her beautifully composed and still more charmingly read essay, which was the closing exercise of her school days. Although the idol of her relatives, and the center of a large circle of admiring friends, Ellen was unhappy. Circumstances which need not be named had conspired to make her peculiarly thoughtful. She knew that amiability was not piety, refinement of manners was not religion, and that knowledge of the arts and sciences was a miserable substitute for the knowledge of God, which is the source of true wisdom and bliss.

In a pensive mood, one Sabbath evening, she went to the church, which was well filled with attentive listeners, while the pastor, with unusual earnestness and pathos, addressed the youth, urging them by the numerous and weighty considerations which the Bible presents to consecrate themselves immediately to the service of the Most High. At the conclusion of this appeal there was a solemn stillness in the house of God, which was even more eloquent and impressive than the voice of the preacher. It was a moment of intense interest. The silence was, however, soon interrupted by the subdued but insuppressible emotions of the pious, as a young lady, with a dejected countenance but tearless eyes, left her pew and, unattended, took her seat directly in front of the chancel. She was soon seen bowing at the altar, surrounded by sympathizing and praying friends of her own sex. Tears began to flow freely, and after a brief struggle, in which it was evident Ellen was so occupied with things unseen and eternal that the objects of time and sense were forgotten, she resumed her seat. The work was done. While the audience, on their knees, sang these words,

"Though late I all forsake,
My friends, my all resign;
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine!"

she had given herself away to God by faith in the atonement of the Savior, and the sacrifice had been accepted. When she calmly but audibly said, "Blessed Jesus, I give my whole heart to thee," she had well weighed the import of this

language. Like Saul of Tarsus, her first inquiry after her conversion was, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Nor was she long kept in doubt with regard to her duty. She improved an early opportunity to take upon herself the solemn baptismal vows which her parents had assumed; and never did Ellen appear so lovely as when, with a countenance radiant with celestial joy, and her fine form divested of those fripperies of art which the tyranny of fashion rather than her own taste had formerly fastened upon her, and clad in beautiful simplicity, she stood before the altar of God, publicly renounced the vanities of this world, and dedicated herself to the service of Christ. Nor was her confession of allegiance confined to the altar, the communion-table, and the classroom. She availed herself of every suitable occasion, in a meek and humble manner, to recommend the religion which she professed, especially to her youthful associates, and eternity alone can reveal the entire fruit of those labors.

One blustering morning in March, a few weeks after Ellen's conversion, as she was trying to feed a shivering lamb that her father had found almost dead in the storm, and had placed in a blanket by the kitchen fire, the words of our Savior to Peter, "feed my lambs," were with peculiar force applied to her mind. So strong was the impression, that she improved the first leisure moment in finding the passage in her too long neglected Bible. As she read over and over the earnest interrogation of the Savior, "lovest thou me?" it seemed that Jesus was almost visibly present applying this searching question to her heart. She paused; her bosom heaved with emotion, and casting a hurried glance, through her tears, at the animate and inanimate objects that had formerly engrossed her affections, she said in her heart if not with her lips, "I love Jesus more than these;" and again the words, "feed my lambs," were more powerfully impressed on her heart than ever. The full import of this injunction, however, she better understood on the following Sabbath when her pastor, to her surprise, announced those very words as his text, which he forcibly applied as the basis of a plea in behalf of the Sunday school connected with his congregation. He said the school was feeble and languishing, not that there were not hungry lambs to feed, but because there were very few who had the disposition regularly and faithfully to feed them.

Ellen at once determined to offer her services as teacher, although she had scarcely ever been in a Sabbath school in her life; not because of any special reluctance on her part to attend, but by reason of an erroneous impression on the part

of her parents—which idea, by the way, was formerly too common among Christians, especially in the higher walks of life—that Sunday schools are designed only for the benefit of *poor* children, who have no means of moral culture at home. And, indeed, when Ellen communicated to them her desire to engage in this work, it offered them no peculiar pleasure, and they even more than intimated that her associations in the humble Sunday school room were hardly in keeping with her elevated social position; for in D—, as in too many other places, it seems the more intelligent and wealthy members had strangely thrown the labor and responsibility of this great work on the comparatively obscure and youthful members of the Church.

A few minutes before nine o'clock the next Sabbath, Ellen was on her way to the Sunday school room, nearly half a mile from her father's dwelling. It was a lovely April morning. Not a cloud was visible; all was calm and beautiful. The very elements were hushed, as if specially reminded of God and heaven. Nothing was heard but the gentle warbling of spring-birds, the murmuring of a distant cascade, and a few strokes of the village bell, the solemn peals of which, summoning the children to the Sunday school, rang with unusual loudness and sweetness, as though delightfully earnest in its call to holy duty. Though our heroine started alone, she had abundance of company before she reached the school-room. It seems that, by some means, the news had spread among the little folks that Ellen intended to enter as teacher, and they, therefore, made it convenient to throw themselves in her way, not merely "to pluck her gown and catch her smile," but to beg the privilege of becoming members of her class. She was greeted with great cordiality by the almost disheartened superintendent; the new scholars were enrolled and placed under her care, but she was so affected by the novelty of the scene, and so oppressed with a sense of the weighty responsibility of her own position, that she was disinclined to do much more that day than to assign her pupils their lesson for the next Sabbath.

Remembering that in every youthful form there is an immortal spirit that will be thinking, speaking, and acting when the world's entire history shall be but a single paragraph in the great book of eternity, and that its interminable existence will bear the indelible impress made on its heart in its very infancy, it was to Ellen a matter of astonishment that so many intelligent professors of religion, who have talents adequate, if rightly improved, of successfully teaching the young the

way of life and salvation, turn away from the Sunday school room with indifference, while others rush upon its duties apparently with so little preparation, and pass through the exercises with so much seeming flippancy and unconcern.

Indeed, such was Ellen's insufficiency for this work, in her own estimation, that had she not been conscious of the possession of *one* essential element of success, namely, the love of Christ in her heart, it is doubtful whether she would have been seen another Sabbath in this responsible field of Christian labor. But animated by this spirit, together with a native fondness for children, which vital piety had ripened into a passion to do them good, she went forward in the strength of grace, and found, from Sabbath to Sabbath, in the humble school-room, encircled by her rustic but intelligent and warm-hearted pupils, a kind and degree of enjoyment which the votary of fashion and worldly pleasure never dreamed of. By diligently studying her lesson, and availing herself of every striking incident by which the attention of children might be riveted and religious truth illustrated, she usually found the hour of Sunday school service too short to communicate all that she desired to say, and all that her scholars wished to hear. Hence she would frequently visit them at their respective homes, or ramble with them in the groves; and it is difficult to say whether such acts of condescension and love were more highly appreciated by the children or their parents. In fine, the Sabbath school was emphatically a heavenly place to Ellen; for there she enjoyed the double luxury of receiving and imparting blessings. She found, as Melville expresses it, that the mere trying to make a point plainer to another, will oftentimes make it far plainer to ourselves; and that such fresh and vigorous apprehensions of truth are often derived from the effort to press it home on the intellect and conscience of the ignorant, that we shall pronounce the cottage of the untaught peasant our best school-house, and the questions even of a child our most searching catechisms on the majestic things and mysteries of our faith. But the highest bliss of the Sunday school work, when faithfully engaged in, arises not from the reflex influence of such mental and moral discipline on ourselves, but the clear conviction that we are thus conferring the highest possible benefits on others. Little did Ellen, for example, think, when she tremblingly offered her services as teacher, what a glorious harvest of beneficent results were to be realized in a brief period of time from those noiseless, unpretending efforts. I say brief period, not that our faithful lamb-feeder soon voluntarily

abandoned her little flock—by no means; but her work on earth was soon accomplished. Indeed, only twenty-four summers passed over her head before her pure, benevolent spirit was transferred from that school of charity, "the hum of which is music in an angel's ear," to her Father's house in paradise. And although it is reserved for the day of final disclosure to reveal the full fruition of her labors of love, still, as illustrations of the wonderful reproductive power of human influence, it may not be amiss to glance at a few of the more obvious benefits resulting from Ellen's few years' engagement in the Sunday school.

We have already noted the fact that several children, who had habitually neglected the house of God, without personal solicitation, were induced by her example to attend both the Sunday school and the more public sanctuary. Some of these girls being entirely destitute of religious instruction at home, listened with astonishment and tearful interest to her faithful and affectionate teachings, as she expatiated on the simple but sublime truths of the Gospel. And so successfully did she point the young immortals, committed to her care, to the Lamb of God, that in less than one year every member of her class was hopefully converted. Besides, the example of Ellen on entering the school was followed by others of her own age and standing, who had formerly looked with indifference, if not disdain, upon the drudgery of Sunday school labor, while her scrupulous punctuality and untiring fidelity, like holy leaven, soon diffused themselves throughout the entire board of instruction, giving new life and energy, not only to the school itself, but even to every other department of the Church, of which the Sunday school is an important if not indispensable auxiliary. Indeed, it was not long before unusual religious interest pervaded the entire community. Heads of families, who, for years, had been unaccustomed to visit the sanctuary, were seen pensively moving in the direction of the house of God, saying, in the anxious expression of their countenances, "We would see Jesus." Even the pastor wondered what mysterious influence had arrested persons so remote from ordinary Gospel appliances, and aroused serious consideration in hearts that had been looked upon as so nearly hopeless, that in his pastoral visitations he had been in the habit of passing by their dwellings, as if occupied only by vessels of wrath already fitted for destruction. But his surprise ceased when he learned that their convictions were the legitimate result of the deep religious interest of their own offspring, and the stinging reproofs unconsciously given from time to time, as in artless simplicity

these little ones read aloud their juvenile tracts, and narrated the sweet Bible stories which Ellen had impressed deeply on their hearts in the Sunday school.

Several years have elapsed since Ellen gave her dying benediction to a large circle of weeping children that came at her request to the ample chamber from which she was translated to the skies. But being dead she yet speaks. She yet lives, not only in the memory of hundreds who saw in her brief but effective life how to live, and in her peaceful death how to die; but she lives in the character of those especially who sat at her feet, and on whose heart of hearts she impressed not only the name of Jesus, but her own moral image. Some of her pupils are now religious educators. Her useful life, so to speak, is reproduced and perpetuated in theirs; while others are already sharing with her the ineffable glories of the New Jerusalem, dim glimpses of which, through the telescope of faith, had occasionally been descried from their favorite observatory, where they had often met on earth.

Dear reader, would you like to visit the grave of Ellen? Though in a retired spot of the rural cemetery—fit resting-place for one so modest and unostentatious—you can easily find it, for a well-trod path leads thereto, and no grim walls environ it, nor iron grates guard it. As nothing like aristocratic pride dwelt in her heart while living, such symbols of posthumous vanity would have been a reflection on her character when dead. No stately monument presses upon her dust, for her name is graven on tablets that will outlast the stars. Go, then, my young friend, to the grave of "the faithful lamb-feeder," and as you mark the significant tokens of the sacredness of her memory, which surround her tomb, form the solemn resolution in the strength of grace, if you have not already done so, to let the past suffice wherein you have given yourself to the empty pleasures of sin; earnestly seek that wisdom which is from above, and walk in those paths of usefulness, however lightly esteemed by the gay multitude, which will best promote the glory of God, the welfare of humanity, and produce the richest and most durable revenue of consolation and bliss, when the clangor of the archangel's trumpet shall startle the slumbering inhabitants of every city of the dead, and summon the whole family of man before the great white throne, to give account of their stewardship.

ALL that is truly good and beautiful in life blooms around the altar of domestic love.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A DEAF AND DUMB TEACHER.

BY JOE, THE JERSEY MUTE.

AMUSING SKETCHES OF THE DEAF AND DUMB PUPILS.

I AM a teacher of the deaf and dumb, and none who have never tried the experiment of developing the mental powers of a mute child, can form an adequate idea of the difficulties with which the instruction of the deaf and dumb is attended. A man of passionate temper, if he undertakes the instruction of the deaf and dumb, may be expected to kill himself by excess of passion; and any one who wishes for the meekness of Job, may collect as many deaf children as he can find, and he will have abundant opportunity of exercising patience every minute of his life. What is most wearisome in the employment of teaching the mutes, is the constant labor of altering sentences which the careless ones write.

My class consists of five boys and two girls, all of whom have but recently been placed under my charge. When they came they knew nothing of written language—their minds were just in the state which those of infants are. I have been worried almost to death, my patience has been taxed almost to bursting, and my arms have often dropped powerless by my sides from too much fatigue, occasioned by their being constantly kept in motion. I hope much from my scholars notwithstanding.

I told my pupils to write short sentences, such as, "I see a black hat," etc. One of them, a plump, gentle, timid-looking boy, wrote the following: "I see a *large eye*." Much time was consumed in explaining to him the correct use of the adjective *large*, and I felt my arms smarting with pain.

I ordered the pupils to write on their slates the word "eat," which was promptly done, and after explaining to them the meaning of that word, I showed them a slice of bread, asking its name. "Bread," was the reply. I then desired them to write the following sentence: I eat bread. A boy, who looked as if he were made of butter, wrote the following: "Bread eat I." In order to make him avoid writing such nonsense, I called the other boys, and pointing to the sentence told them that it meant that bread ate me. They made wry faces at the stupid fellow, who, I hope, has since taken care not to make another similar mistake.

A girl, who is in the habit of making such shameful mistakes in writing as to provoke me dreadfully, wrote, "Corn eat hog a." She had

not the slightest idea of the correct use of the verb *eat*.

I asked the pupils if they had black shoes, and they answered in the affirmative. I then desired them to put into writing the reply they had given. The following was written: "I have a black shoes." I inquired if the sky was white. They shook their heads, spelling on their fingers the word "blue." One of them wrote, "I see a blue sky." It is difficult to make the deaf and dumb understand the difference between the articles *the* and *a*.

These are specimens of the many difficulties in the instruction of the deaf and dumb. Considering them and the few years which the mutes spend in literary pursuits, it is really surprising that so many mutes have been raised to an intellectual equality with the hearing and speaking people.

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.

I dismiss my school at half-past ten o'clock every Saturday morning, and do nothing till Monday. On Saturday morning, the 9th instant, I wrote on a large slate the following easy sentences for my class to study on the Sabbath: "God is a spirit. God is holy. God is just. God made us. We must love God. We must pray to God every day." After the pupils had copied those sentences on their small slates, I pointed my finger to the first sentence, "God is a spirit," and explained to them that God was not like us in any thing physical, but a spirit, invisible, eternal, almighty, and wise. Though the scholars said nothing, it was evident from the thoughtful expression of their faces, that my explanation was not without its effect in stirring up their minds to meditation on divine things.

I pointed to the second sentence, "God is holy," and told the pupils in as clear and intelligible a manner as possible that God had not the least particle of sin in him, but was perfect goodness. I fear they did not understand me.

I reverted to the third sentence, "God is just," and told the scholars a short story to make them understand the meaning of the word "just." The story ran thus: "A man called at a store and asked the price of a basket. It looked well, and was worth twenty-five cents. The storekeeper, who was honest, told the man that its price was twenty-five cents. He was just."

I went on to say that if their parents and I died in an unconverted state, God would punish them and me alike, and, therefore, God was just. The pupils exchanged glances of astonishment with each other, wondering how I could be pun-

ished. They seem to reverence me, and to think highly of my qualifications as a teacher. Ignorance is very superstitious.

I came to the fourth sentence, "God made us," and told them that God gave us life when we were born into this world, molded our bodies, caused our hair to grow on our heads, and set in order all that is within us. The pupils exclaimed that God was "strong," a word which they spelt.

I came to the fifth sentence, "We must love God," and asked the scholars if they loved their parents. "Yes, yes," replied they. I then inquired if they loved God. They colored slightly: they were not prepared to answer the question. At length one of them shook his head, with a vexed look, and said that he did not love God. I told him in a gentle manner that all the teachers and pupils in the institution must love God, or else they would not go to heaven. The boy bit his lips, and, after a moment's thought, told me that he did love God.

I turned to the sixth sentence, "We must pray to God every day," and inquired of the pupils if they saw their playmates kneel down on their knees by the bedside and cover their faces with their hands at night. They said yes; and I asked them the reason of it. They were silent. After some time's pause a girl said that it was prayer. "She is right," said I. "We must pray to God for life, breath, food, and for a holy heart. We must pray every day, not occasionally." They said that they would try to pray. I hope that the religious instruction I have imparted to them will be blessed to their conversion.

MUTE PUPILS.

One year before I came to the deaf and dumb institute—and I was then nine years of age—my sister charged me, among other things, to learn many things at school, saying that if I would study hard I should become a teacher when I was of age. I thought I could not learn any more than a boy could talk, and wondered how my sister could be foolish enough to say such a thing. Well, I came to school, and at the end of five years I went to the printing business at a flourishing village in New Jersey. At the age of nineteen I came to Philadelphia to work as a journeyman in the office of the Methodist Repository. After I had attained my twenty-first year, I found myself spoken of as a person likely to become a teacher in the Deaf and Dumb Institute in the autumn. And the Directors of the Institute were pleased to appoint me to be a teacher there on the first of October, 1848.

Many times have I been convulsed with laugh-

ter at the mistakes which my—new—pupils have made in writing. On Saturday morning I wrote on a slate the word "hell," which I defined to be a place where condemned sinners suffer *burning* torments. A few days after one of my boys, who retains, to some extent, the power of speech, wrote on his slate the following sentence: "I see a hell." On my asking the meaning of this sentence, he pointed to a grate hard by. He thought the grate was called hell. A little girl, whose mind is good but lacks energy, wrote: "I see a heaven." She thought that heaven was no other than the sky. She made many curious blunders, some specimens of which I shall insert, as expressive of the peculiar turn of her mind: "I see a meat;" "I see a eye;" "I love a nose;" "I touch a tongue;" "A boy strikes a hand;" "I break a neck;" "I eat a tea;" "I love a snow;" "I love like rain;" "I catches a ceiling;" "A man a dog catches."

I asked the girl what was my name, and she spelled "Mount." I then asked if she *liked* me. A nod of the head was her reply. I then desired her to write something like the following: I like Mr. Mount. And the following was written: "I like the Mount."

Another girl pays no attention to the elementary principles of grammar, and always makes mistakes. For instance she writes, "A like a meat;" "I man love pontaneux"—she means a potato. "A sun sees I." "I boy makes stool."

John is the smartest boy in my class, and learns as many words as he meets with in books or papers. I gave out some words, such as eat, like, love, make, break, drink, strike, and hate, and told him to construct passages in which the respective words should be introduced. He did so.

"EAT.—I eat meat. I eat bread. A cow eats grass. A hog eats corn. A boy eats an apple. A man eats some moush. A boy eats a water-melon."

"LIKE.—I like Mount [referring to the teacher.] I like meat. I like the man."

"LOVE.—I love bread. I love the snow. I love my book. I love you. A man loves a good boy."

"MAKE.—A man makes bread. A boy makes a fire. A girl makes a doll."

"BREAK.—A man breaks a rod. A boy breaks a slate. A girl breaks her needle."

"DRINK.—A girl drinks water. A boy drinks soup. A man drinks hot tea."

"STRIKE.—A boy strikes a girl. A girl strikes the wall."

"HATE.—I hate a snake. A man hates a bad boy. A girl hates a hog."

John has been under my care only five months. When he first came to my school I feared that he would never make a good scholar. He talks as well as the oldest members of the Institute, and is *au fait* in the common topics of the day.

Deaf and Dumb Institute, Philadelphia.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE; OR, MADAME DE MAINTENON.

"THE position of Madame de Maintenon," observes Madame de Sevigne, "is perfectly *unique*. Nothing ever was, nor probably ever will be compared to it." History in hand, we must acknowledge that there is but little exaggeration in the phrase. Born in a prison, and dying within the shadow of the crown, there is hardly an extreme of elevation or distress that may not be marked, in the long career of whom fortune favored so late that the tardy luster left in obscurity the charms, the graces, the fame of her early years. Appointed to tend poultry in her childhood, and scarcely less than queen in her maturity; the bride in little more than girlhood of a needy and deformed poet, and, when the bloom of womanhood was past, the consort of the man who had said, "*I am the state!*" now bound to the chair of the crippled Scarron, and now to the throne of Louis XIV—in a destiny thus strangely diversified we may be allowed to recognize something akin to the marvelous.

When the famous Agrippa d'Aubigne, at the end of his Memoirs, speaks of his son, Constantine d'Aubigne—the father of Madame de Maintenon—he premises that he would rather have remained silent, the information he has to communicate being "*un facheux detail de ma famille*." "The rascal," says the doughty comrade of Henri IV, "did nothing but gamble and get drunk at the University of Sedan, where I sent him to pursue his academical studies, and when he returned to France he thought fit, without my consent, to marry an unfortunate woman, *whom he afterward killed!*" She was not the mother of any of his children. After many strange adventures and alternations of bad and good fortune, such as were not uncommon to the troubled times in which he lived, he won the affections of a lady of noble birth, to whom he was married on the 27th of December, 1627. At the end of four or five years, having spent the last farthing of his patrimony, M. d'Aubigne embraced some project for establishing himself in Carolina. In furtherance of the scheme, he entered into negotiations with the English Government, which were detected and deemed treasonable. He was impris-

oned in consequence in the fortress of Chateau-Trompette, under the jailership of his own father-in-law, M. de Cardillac, at whose death he was transferred to Niort in Poitou. In the *Conciergerie* of this prison Madame d'Aubigne gave birth, on the 27th of November, 1635, to her daughter Françoise, the future spouse of Louis XIV. A sister of Constant d'Aubigne's, Madame de Villette, took pity upon his children, and carried them to a chateau where she resided, not far distant from Niort. In 1638 Madame d'Aubigne obtained her husband's release, and shortly after he embarked with the whole of his family for Martinique. Fortune this time allowed herself to be caught. The talents which sufficed to gain money, failed, however, to induce the prudence which retains it. The chances of play swept away his newly-acquired wealth in far less time than it had cost him to accumulate it, and he died discharging the duties of a small military employment, of which the scanty pay barely sufficed to keep his family from want. At his death his widow returned to France with her children, and this arrival of our little heroine from the colonies, before she had completed her tenth year, led to the subsequent belief that she was a native of the tropics. Hence the name of "*La belle Indienne*," so generally applied to her upon her first entrance into society at Paris. As to Madame d'Aubigne, her whole time, till the day of her death, seems to have been divided between the manual labor by which she gained a scanty subsistence, and the fruitless endeavors to obtain from relations richer than herself certain moneys and lands which Agrippa d'Aubigne, while disinheriting his worthless son, had yet bequeathed to his heirs. She was so severe a mother that Madame de Maintenon used to relate that she had never been embraced by her but twice, and this after a long separation. But she chanced to render her daughter one enormous service. She set her to read the "*Lives of Plutarch*"—a work which has nourished the early growth of so many great minds—and forbade her and her brother to speak of any thing else. With the ready ingenuity of children they converted the task into an eager rivalry of sex. She espoused the cause of the women, he of the men. When she had vaunted the qualities of a heroine, he opposed the acts of a hero, and she returned to her Plutarch to find new matter to sustain the supremacy of her sex. A thousand formal lessons, in which the mind had a feeble interest, would have done little for her education in comparison with this earnest application of her powers.

When she got back to France she was once

more intrusted to the care of her aunt. "I fear the poor little wretch," writes her mother, "may be of no small inconvenience to you; God grant her the means of one day requiting all the kindness you show her!" How well the aunt discharged her office is sufficiently attested by the gratitude felt by the child for her benefactress. "I am ready to believe any thing," she said in childhood during a course of religious instruction, "so long as I am not required to believe my aunt de Villette will be damned!" The answer was given after she had been transferred, by an order from the court, from the care of Madame de Villette, who was a Calvinist, to that of Madame de Neuillant, another near relation, and a zealous Catholic. This lady, finding an unexpected resistance to her doctrines in spite of the professed readiness of her pupil to believe in any thing, resolved upon trying the efficacy of humiliation. She ordered her ward to be banished from the drawing-room and confined to the society of the servants. Dressed in a coarse straw hat, with a basket on her arm and a long stick in her hand, the future wife of the king of France was sent out every morning to keep watch over turkeys, and her "reign," as she used to say in after years, "began by dominion over the poultry-yard." Madame de Neuillant was even more avaricious than bigoted, and the Marquis de la Fare asserts that the young Françoise was set to discharge these menial offices from motives of economy. He had heard that she was compelled, in the absence of the coachman, to groom the horses. The only thing which this harsh guardian appears to have cherished was the poor girl's complexion, since she was made to wear a mask, that she might escape being tanned.

This system of compulsion producing no effect, it was decided to place her in the Convent of Ursulines at Niort; but the sordid avarice of Madame de Neuillant soon left her to be supported by the sisters, who returned her to her mother. She was shortly after admitted into the Ursuline Convent of the Rue Saint Jacques, in Paris, where at first the nuns succeeded no better than their precursors in the task of converting her. "My mother's harsh conduct to me at this time," she says in one of her *entretiens*, or rather lectures to the Demoiselle de Saint Cyr, "had so irritated me, that, probably, if I had remained longer with her I should never have embraced the Catholic faith." Methods as mistaken were adopted by the sisters of the Ursuline Convent. She says:

"Whenever they met me, they each of them played a sort of part; one would run away, another

make faces, and a third try to allure me into attending mass by promising to give me something. I was already old enough to be shocked at their ridiculous behavior, and they became insupportable to me. Neither their pretended fright nor their promises made any impression upon me. Luckily, however, I fell into the hands of a teacher full of sense and judgment, and who won me by her goodness and gracious manners. She forbore ever to reproach me, left me at full liberty to follow the precepts of my creed, never asked me to hear mass or assist at the general prayers in the oratory, and of her own accord proposed that I should keep no fasts. At the same time she had me instructed in the Catholic religion, but with such a total absence of indiscreet zeal, that, when I pronounced my abjuration, I did so of my own entire free will."

Previous to this some priests were called in, who exhausted upon her their arguments; but she had not forgotten her Plutarch discipline; and with her Bible, she says, in her hand, she wore them out. This and other circumstances show that her will and intelligence were both precocious. At her first convent, when not more than eleven years of age, she was so advanced in reading, writing, ciphering, and spelling, that she taught her fellow-pupils in the absence of the governess. The passion of pleasing others for the sake of praise, which was the ruling motive of her life, was already developed. To gratify this lady she sat up whole nights to starch the fine linen of the girls, in order that their appearance might do credit to their mistress. There was no toil that she would not undergo for her; and when she was returned home, she prayed every day, for two or three months, that she might die, because life seemed worthless without her governess. A degree of sentiment and affection unusual with her entered into this juvenile attachment; but we shall presently see by her own confession that her principal aim was to barter services for applause.

At the age of fourteen or fifteen Mlle. d'Aubigne left her second convent, and went to reside with her mother, whose apartment was immediately opposite to the house in which Scarron had for years received nearly all the society of Paris. At this precise period the far-famed cripple was busy with a plan of emigrating to Martinique, in consequence of one of his acquaintances alleging that the climate had cured him of the gout. Some extraordinary vision of renewed health fastened upon the "*malade de la Reine*," and he planned an expedition to the tropics, with Segrain and a certain Mlle. de Palaiseau, of whom the chronicles of the times speak lightly.

"My dog of a destiny," he writes to his friend Sarrazin, "takes me off in a month to the West Indies. I have invested a thousand crowns in a new company that is about to found a colony at three degrees from the line, on the banks of the Orinoco and the Orellana. Adieu, then, France! Adieu, Paris! Adieu, O ye tigresses disguised as angels! Adieu, Menage, Sarrazin, Marigny! I renounce burlesque verses, and comic romance and comedies, to fly to a land where there are no false saints, nor swindlers in devotion, nor inquisition, nor winters that assassinate, defluxions that disable me, nor war that makes me die of starvation."

Notwithstanding this strong desire to escape the ills he found in his own country, Scarron did not emigrate after all; and the most notable result of his scheme was, that it lost him his thousand crowns, and brought him into contact with the person who was to bear his name and brighten the final years of his existence. The wish to know something more of a climate from which he anticipated new life produced an acquaintance between Scarron and Mme. d'Aubigne; and Mme. de Neuillant, who sometimes frequented the poet's salons, presented there one evening *la belle Indienne*. On reaching the threshold of the apartment of which she was shortly to become the mistress, she drew back ashamed, and with one glance at the splendid assembly, and another at her shabby dress, too scanty and too short, she burst into tears. It would almost seem as if Mme. de Neuillant had designed to continue, under new forms, the discipline of the poultry-yard.

This occurrence is mentioned by several cotemporary writers; and Scarron himself refers to it in a letter to his future wife: "Mademoiselle, I never doubted that the young girl who six months ago entered my rooms with too short a frock, and began to cry, I really know not why, was as clever as she looked," etc. The tears may have had some effect in exciting sympathy and conciliating good will; but it was to her beauty, her manners, and her intelligence that she owed the continuance of the favor with which she was regarded.

A month or two after her acquaintance with her witty and famous neighbor, Mme. d'Aubigne, having secured the little that her husband's family would consent to award her—two hundred livres yearly!—returned to Poitou, where she died. Mme. de Villette was no more; the only surviving son of Constant d'Aubigne was page of the household; and our young Françoise was dependent solely upon Mme. de Neuillant, "who," observes Tallemant des Reaux, "notwithstanding

she was her relative, left her without clothing from avarice." The short and scanty dress was disappearing altogether.

The orphan had formed an attachment to a girl at Paris of her own age, and writing to her from Niort, in 1650—"I can not," she says, "express to you upon paper *all* I feel; I have neither courage nor wit sufficient. I promise you half, and the remainder when I shall be as clever as M. Scarron." This was shown to the poet, and so spontaneous a tribute was not lost upon him. He immediately took up his pen and addressed his admirer in the words we have quoted above. When Mme. de Neuillant revisited Paris, she brought her fair charge with her. The twelve months which had elapsed had contributed to develop her understanding and beauty; and her second appearance in the *beau monde* of Scarron's *soirees* produced a still livelier impression than the first. "I wish you would give me some news of that young Indian, to whom you introduced me, and whom I loved from the moment I saw her," writes the Duchess de Lesdiguières to the Chevalier de Mere; and a similar sentiment appears to have been general in the circle. Scarron felt so much for her misery in being subject to the penurious tyranny of Mme. de Neuillant, that, constantly as he was in need of money, he offered her a sum sufficient to procure her admission into a convent. She declined the proposal; and by degrees the idea of a retreat that was to separate her from every one became transformed into the notion of a union that was to bind her exclusively to himself. This project of a marriage between a buffoon-rhymster of forty-two and a girl of sixteen was termed by himself "a mighty poetic license." But any thing seemed better than to live on with Mme. de Neuillant; and as to the other alternative, she frankly avowed to her acquaintances, according to Tallemant des Reaux, "I preferred marriage with Scarron to a convent." The homage she saw him receiving, and the intoxicating elevation to a girl who was trampled on at home, of presiding over the brilliant society which assembled at this house, had a large share in determining her choice.

Accordingly, in the month of June, 1652, she became Mme. Scarron. Such was her poverty that her wedding-dress was lent for the occasion by Mlle. de Pons. The account which her husband gave of his property was far enough from promising. To the question of the notary, "what jointure he insured her?" the poet replied, "Immortality! the names of kings' wives die with themselves, but the name of Scarron's wife will endure eternally!" No suspicion crossed his mind that

the process would be reversed, and that it was to his having been the husband of a "king's wife" that he would principally owe the recollection of his name by posterity.

The once famous though licentious author of the "Roman Comique" was not always the wretched Caliban, whose image has descended to us as a type of grotesque deformity. Up to the age of twenty-seven he was a handsome man, and distinguished for his skill in music and dancing. Different versions have been given of the cause of his deformity. Tallemant des Reaux states that it was a medicine administered by a quack which deprived him of the use of his limbs.

In one of his poems he speaks of having been thrown from a vehicle, and his neck was twisted by the fall in a way which ever after prevented his looking upward. Whatever was the origin of his maladies, "his form," to use his own words, "had become bent like a Z." "My legs," he adds, "first made an obtuse angle with my thighs, then a right and at last an acute angle; my thighs made another with my body. My head is bent upon my chest; my arms are contracted as well as my legs, and my fingers as well as my arms. I am, in truth, a pretty complete abridgment of human misery." His head was too big for his diminutive stature, one eye was set deeper than the other, and his teeth were the color of wood. At the time of his marriage he could only move with freedom his hand, tongue, and eyes. His days were passed in a chair with a hood, and so completely was he the *abridgment* of man he describes himself, that his wife had to kneel to look in his face. He could not be moved without screaming from pain, nor sleep without taking opium. The epitaph which he wrote on himself, and which is very superior to his usual style of versification, is touching from its truth:

"Tread softly—make no noise,
To break his slumbers deep;
Poor Scarron here enjoys
His first calm night of sleep."

Yet with all his infirmities his cheerfulness was imperturbable. "It is, perhaps," says Tallemant des Reaux, "one of the wonders of our age, that a man in that state, and poor, should be able to laugh as he does." "The Prometheus, the Hercules, and the Philoctetes of fable, and the Job of the holy Scriptures," says another cotemporary writer, Balzac, "utter, in the violence of their torments, many sublime and heroic things, but no comical ones. I have often met in antiquity with pain that was wise, and with pain that was elo-

quent; but I never before saw pain joyous, nor found a soul merrily cutting capers in a paralytic frame."

On the death of his father in 1643, Scarron's inheritance was little more than a lawsuit with his step-mother, which he lost almost simultaneously with his health. A pension, paid him by Cardinal Richelieu, expired with that statesman in 1642. He had recourse to his pen for support, and in 1644 he published "The Typhon, or War of the Giants against the Gods," dedicated to Cardinal Mazarin. Two or three years later appeared the "Virgile Travesti," to which he owed his fame, and which won for him the incongruous epithets of "the divine" and "the inimitable." So great was the rage for his works that the booksellers called every poem "Burlesque;" and there was one instance of a sacred and entirely serious piece being announced as written *en vers burlesques*. It was to no purpose, that some high authorities tried to check this perverse tendency. "Even your father," observed Boileau to Racine's son, "had the defect of sometimes reading Scarron, and laughing over him, though he always concealed this from me." But Boileau was hardly more severe to the creator of burlesque poetry in France than Scarron was to himself. "I am ready to attest before any one," he declares in the dedicatory epistle of the fifth book of his "Æneide Travestie," "that the paper I employ for my writings is only so much paper wasted. The whole of these parodies, and my 'Virgil' at the head, are rank absurdities. It is a style which has spoiled the taste of all the world."

Much, however, as he may have condemned the productions of his pen, Scarron was reduced to live by them, and this he was wont to call his *Marquisat de Quinet*, from the name of the bookseller who published his works. Although he has himself styled his house *l'Hotel de l'Impecuniosite*, we learn from Segrais, that he was "very creditably lodged, that his furniture was covered with yellow damask of the value of five or six thousand livres, that he wore garments of fine velvet, and had several servants at his command." Here it was that he received the *beaux-esprits* and court gallants of the time at his evening *reunions* and suppers—here that noble and high-born dames mixed freely with Menage, Benserade, and Pelisson. That no species of celebrity might be wanting, even the too famous Ninon de l'Enclos—the modern Leontium—was to be seen exchanging courtesies with virtuous ladies who would have scorned to receive her at their own houses. It has been truly remarked that if, at the Hotel Rambouillet, the great world received the world

of literature and art, the former in turn became the guest in the *salons* of Scarron.

The society which collected about the burlesque poet was probably the principal solace of his life. The method by which he succeeded in attracting so much rank, fashion, and talent round his hooded chair is not easy to conjecture. "Kind, serviceable, faithful in friendship," says Segrais, "he was invariably agreeable and amusing, even in anger or in sorrow." With a man so poor and afflicted, this was a slender resource for constituting him the center of one of the most brilliant circles in Paris. Even his powers of entertaining are less favorably represented by Tallemant des Reaux. "He sometimes," says this rather cynical writer, "lets drop a humorous observation, but not often. He is always trying to be facetious, which is the way to defeat the intention." The account is too probable to be entirely rejected. His reputation was founded upon his talents for jest, and what remains to us of his writings and sayings leads to the conclusion that his ambition was always to sustain his part. But, though the motive which originally brought the gay world of Paris to his door is not apparent, the custom, once established, was kept up without effort. Then it was not Scarron only that people went to see, but the celebrities of whom each was an attraction to the other.

At the time of his marriage in 1652 Scarron had enjoyed his fame and its advantages for about eight years. He assigned as his reason for the match "that it was to insure society, for that otherwise people would not come to see him. If his guests had begun to drop off, the method he took to win them back was entirely successful. Tallemant des Reaux himself allows the exceeding popularity of his youthful wife. In her old age she gave a curious and self-complacent account of the estimation in which she was held at this period, and the mode by which she obtained it:

"In my tender years I was what is called a good child; every body loved me: there was no one, down to the domestics of my aunt, who were not charmed with me. When I was older and I was placed in those convents, you know how I was cherished by my mistresses and companions and always for the same reason, that from morning to night I only thought of serving and obliging them. When I was with that poor cripple I found myself in the fashionable world, where I was sought after and esteemed. The women loved me because I was unassuming in society, and much more taken up with others than with myself. The men followed me because I had the beauty and graces of youth. The partiality

they had for me was rather a general friendship—a friendship of esteem—than love. I did not wish to be loved by any individual in particular, but I wished to be loved by every body, to have my name pronounced with admiration and respect, to play a praiseworthy part, and, above all, to be approved by the good: it was my idol."

It was a situation of extreme peril for a girl thus gifted—so young, so beautiful, so intelligent, so winning, and so inexperienced—to be wedded to a deformed cripple of forty-two, incapable of stirring from his uneasy chair, and to be thrown into the lax and free-spoken society which frequented her husband's chamber. How did she pass through the trying ordeal? She herself has given an answer to the question. "I have seen every thing," she said, reverting to those days, "but always in a way to earn a reputation without reproach." But we are not left to her own testimony. It is admitted by her cotemporaries that she gave the tone to Scarron's guests instead of adopting theirs, that the old recklessness of talk was hushed, and that her life afforded no pretense for scandal. "If," observed one of the young gallants, "I must fail in respect to her or the queen, I would do it to the latter." "Neither her husband's malady," said Sorbiere, "nor her beauty, youth, and ready wit, ever injured her virtue. Although the admirers who sighed around her were the noblest and richest of the realm, her unimpeachable conduct compelled the esteem of every body." The Chevalier de Mere, who was one of these admirers, is loud in his encomiums, and has no other fault to find with her than that she was not more frail.

In after life she affirmed that M. Scarron was fundamentally good, and that she had cured him of his license. The advantage was reciprocal, he on his part teaching her Spanish, Italian, and Latin, and furnishing her mind with rich resources of literature. She was less successful in introducing habits of economy into her husband's house than in correcting his freedoms and regulating the tone of conversation at his receptions. All his patrimony appears to have consisted of a small estate near Amboise, which he sold for 24,000 livres, and this was not likely to last long with a man who wrote to Rome to order pictures from Poussin! All his tastes were expensive; and his very physical infirmities, and the society which was their alleviation, involved an outlay beyond his means.

It was in October, 1660, eight years after his ill-assorted union, that this life of smiles and suffering, of poverty and extravagance, came to a close. He continued to jest to the last; and, seeing the

bystanders in tears, "I shall never, my friends," he exclaimed, "make you weep as much as I have made you laugh." To his wife he spoke seriously. He lamented that he had nothing to leave her, and said that her merit was infinite and beyond all praise. He, at least, seems never to have had reason to repent his hazardous choice; and, what is really surprising, there is no trace that the wife grew impatient of her bondage, or, as she advanced into womanhood and learnt her power over richer and more personable men, of her ever regretting the precipitancy of the girl. She always, however, after the death of M. Scarron, spoke of marriage with aversion. "I have learnt too well," she said, "that it is not delicious, and that liberty is."

In our next number we shall introduce our readers to a new phase in the life of this celebrated woman.

A TOKEN.

BY HARRIET E. BENEDICT.

SAD memories dost thou bring,

Of bud and bloom, bright day and starry night—
Of glens and forests, which the hand of spring
Had robed in beauty, filled with softer light—

Of the fresh winds of May,
Sweeping o'er harebells, on the grassy plain,
Hushed to soft murmurs as the golden day
Died in the sunset—all are here again—

Of summer moonlight hours,
When spirit-voices whispered in my ear,
And the still air, fragrant with breath of flowers,
Their murmurs bore, untremulous and clear.

Of the glad, rosy morn,
On which, with awe and rapture in my eyes,
I gazed, while thoughts of that bright sunrise born,
Rose far above the sun, above the skies.

They have all passed away—
Glad winds and starlit eves, fair buds and flowers—
Yet, as I gaze on thee, thou dost to-day
Recall the sweetness of those vanished hours.

Thine is a holy spell—
Long closed are eyes that once have gazed on thee—
Ah! woo me from those memories, and tell
Of meetings in a brighter world to be.

Tell me of flowers that bloom,
Fore'er unfading in that purer clime—
Of softer light, that doth those bowers illum—
Of brows undimmed by touch of death or time.

Speak still of buried years—
Still to their joys doth memory fondly cling—
Bid faith and hope, above their griefs and fears,
Soar to a happier land on tireless wing.

Whisper then to my soul
Of partings past—of meetings soon to be—
Joy! that no shade may fall—no cloud may roll
O'er the deep bliss of heaven's eternity.

EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Scripture Cabinet.

THE STRUGGLE FOR A CLEAN HEART AND ITS CREATION.—*"Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me."* Psalm li, 10.

This was the prayer of David. A new creation only could satisfy his desire. The plague of an evil heart he had long felt; its corruptions had blinded his spiritual eye, and destroyed his inward peace; its deceitful imaginings had snared his feet; and its unholy passions had plunged him into guilt. Conscience now awoke from its slumber, and he sought deliverance. Pardon he must have, and therefore he cries unto God, "Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities." But he must have purity as well as pardon. Nothing less than this would constitute a complete deliverance from sin. Nothing less than this would satisfy the longings of his soul. Penitence he might exercise, confession he might make; nay, every weapon of rebellion he might lay down; but none of these, nor all of these could constitute or even create a clean heart. And here his power failed. Hitherto, and up to this point, he had come, the Spirit of God helping his infirmities. But now an exercise of something more than finite power is needed. The utmost effort in human agency has been put forth, the last step has been taken. Then comes—not the crushing agony of despair, nor yet the presumptuous note of triumph, self-originated and unheralded from the skies; but the last mighty struggle of a triumphing, victorious faith—"Create in me a clean heart, O God! Thou who didst speak creation into being; thou in whose sight the very heavens are unclean; thou who art the embodiment of all purity as well as of all power, send forth thy creating energy anew, that my soul may once more be made the partaker of thy Divine purity." Thus did David agonize before God, till in an exultant song of triumph he could proclaim that as far as the east is from the west, so far had God removed all his iniquities from him.

My soul—so long disquieted by the buffetings of Satan, so long vexed with the plague of thine own unsanctified nature—come thou and enter into this mighty conflict with the Psalmist; wrestle valiantly, and though principalities and powers may oppose, God shall in thee also create the "clean heart." And henceforth, the life thou livest shall be by faith on the Son of God.

"Forever with the Lord!
Amen, so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality."

CHRISTIAN GOODNESS, A SPIRIT OF SELF-SACRIFICE.—*"He died that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves."* 2 Cor. v, 15.

Christian goodness is not only a spirit of purity; it is also a spirit of sacrifice. And to exercise the spirit of sacrifice in its utmost devotion, we need not the trials

of fiery persecution. Life does not permit that such can be frequent. The opportunity is very rare, which concentrates the sanctity of a whole nature in a single resolve; but the opportunities are always, when a sanctity as pure can leaven the entire life, and be the principle that animates its every action. For the existence or energy of such a spirit, the torture or the stake is not essential. We are not called to answer for our faith before magistrates. We are not appointed to make confession in the flames. We are ordained to duties which meet us every day, which with every day imposes on us self-denial, in which every day we may consecrate endurance by tempers both heavenly and heroic. We have bereavements that sadden us; we have vexations that provoke us; we have labors that oppress, and watchings that fatigue; we have losses and griefs which require believing hearts to support. Now, we may bear all these meekly, and that is to bear them nobly, to perfect the dictates of celestial wisdom in the strength of a sublime patience. This may be without conspicuous position and without emblazoned story. The daily sacrifices of a laboring man to duty may involve more bravery of soul than the achievements of patriots and heroes; and the devotion of an unlettered girl, comforting through years the bedridden winter of a parent's age, may contain a holier martyrdom than any which the Church has canonized and glorified.

COTTON MATHER'S RELIGIOUS HABITS.—The habits of devotion and self-discipline, adopted by this remarkable man, are characteristic, and, in many respects, worthy of all imitation. Dr. Sprague, in his *American Pulpit*, says:

"The principle of association he turned to good account in the cultivation of a devotional spirit. When he heard a clock strike, he would pray that he might so number his days as to apply his heart to wisdom. When he mended his fire, it was with a prayer that his love and zeal might be kindled into a flame. When at the table, looking on the gentlewoman that carved for the guests, he said to himself, 'Lord, carve a rich portion of thy comforts and graces to that person.' Looking on a gentlewoman stricken in years, 'Lord, adorn that person with the virtues which thou prescribe for aged women.' So when he walked in the streets, he implored blessings upon those who passed by him. At the sight of a tall man, he said, 'Lord, give that man high attainments in Christianity.' For a lame man, 'Lord, help that man to walk uprightly.' For a negro, 'Lord, wash that poor soul; make him white by the washing of thy Spirit.' For a very little man, 'Lord bestow great blessings on that man.' For a very old man, 'Lord, make him an old disciple.' In one year he kept sixty fasts and twenty vigils; and the whole number of days of fasting that he observed, was four hundred and fifty."

VOLNEY'S AFRICAN PRIZE.—"The wealth of the sinner is laid up for the just." *Proverbs xiii, 22.*

An interesting illustration of this truth is recorded in the recent intelligence published by the Church Missionary Society. In the November number of the "Church Missionary Record," the following passage occurs: "Many years ago a prize was founded by the infidel Volney, himself an accomplished linguist and extensive traveler, to be given annually by the French Institute, for the best works on African languages. Mr. Koelle's 'Polyglotta Africana,' and his grammars of the Bornu, Vei, and Yoruba languages were, without his knowledge, submitted in competition for this prize; and the first prize, of 1,200 francs—£48—was awarded to him, with a high compliment, on the part of the adjudicators, to the patience of research and powers of analysis exhibited in these works. 'I am glad,' writes Mr. Koelle, 'that the society's work has been thus honored by the scientific world. May all tend to the glory of God! Thus has the infidel been made, in the providence of God, to promote the Gospel. The wealth of the sinner has been laid up for the just.'"

CURSE GOD AND DIE.—"Then said his wife unto him, Dost thou still retain thine integrity? Curse God, and die." *Job ii, 9.*

Some suppose this ought to be, bless God and die; but Job would not have reproved his wife for such advice, except she meant it ironically. It is a fact, that when the heathen have to pass through much suffering, they often ask, "Shall we make an offering to the gods for this?" that is, Shall we offer our devotions, our gratitude, for afflictions? Job was a servant of the true God, but his wife might have been a heathen; and then the advice, in its most literal acceptation, would be perfectly in character. Nothing is more common than for the heathen, under certain circumstances, to curse their gods. Hear the man who has made expensive offerings to his deity, in hope of gaining some great blessing, and who has been disappointed, and he will pour out all his imprecations on the god whose good offices have—as he believes—been prevented by some superior deity. A man in reduced circumstances says, "Yes, yes, my god has lost his eyes; they are put out; he can not look after my affairs." "Yes," said an extremely rich devotee—V. Chetty—of the supreme god Siva, after he had lost his property, "shall I serve him any more? What! make offerings to him? No, no; he is the lowest of all gods." With these facts before us, it is not difficult to believe that Job's wife actually meant what she said.

ENGRAVED ON THE PALMS OF THE HANDS.—"Behold, I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands; thy walls are continually before me." *Isaiah xlii, 16.*

This is an allusion to the eastern custom of tracing out on their hands, not the names, but the sketches of certain eminent cities or places, and then rubbing them with the powder of the hennah or cypress, and thereby making the marks perpetual. This custom Maundrell thus describes: "The next morning nothing extraordinary passed, which gave many of the pilgrims leisure to have their arms marked with the usual ensigns of Jerusalem. The artists who undertake the operation, do it in this manner: they have stamps in wood of any figure that you desire, which they first print off upon your arm, with powder or charcoal; then taking two very fine needles tied close together, and dipping them often, like a pen, in certain ink, compounded, as I was informed, of gunpowder and ox gall, they make with them small punctures all along

the lines of the figure which they have printed, and then washing the part in wine, conclude the work. These punctures they make with great quickness and dexterity, and with scarce any smart, seldom piercing so deep as to draw blood.

ANGEL ALMS.—Gotthold was one day occupied with important business, and deeply absorbed in thought, when his daughter unexpectedly entered the room, bringing a paper stating the case of a poor widow, and soliciting alms in her behalf. Losing his temper, he spoke harshly to the poor girl, and, in an ill-humor, flung to her the sum she asked. Recollecting himself, however, he cried out, "Wretched man that I am! how fair the show that my Christianity often presents, to myself at least, and how boldly I venture to say, 'Lord Jesus, thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee;' and yet, now that my Savior has come and craved a mite for this poor widow as a practical evidence of my affection for himself, I take offense at him for disturbing my poor thoughts, though for so short a time and so good a cause. My God, thou invitest me to come to thee whenever my pleasure leads or my necessities compel me; and come when I may, never is my coming unseasonable or inopportune. Thou hast the whole world to govern, and yet I trouble thee not though I break in at morning, noon, or night, and claim an alms from thy mercy. How conceited I must be to reckon my concerns and thoughts of greater moment than the prayers and sighs of my suffering fellow-Christians! I now see that sin is rashness, and have good cause henceforth to give a more gracious reception to the Lord Jesus in his members, lest in my hour of need he turn his back upon me. God loveth a cheerful giver. A benefaction to the poor should be like oil, which, when poured from one vessel into another, flows in silence, and with a soft and gentle fall. An alms reluctantly bestowed is like a rose spoiled and discolored with the fumes of sulphur, like sanded flour or over-salted meat. He who exercises charity with a reluctant heart and angry words, is like the perverse cow which yields her milk indeed, but overturns the pail with her foot."—*Emblems.*

THE HEN AND THE EYE THAT DOES NOT SEE ITSELF.—Hearing a hen loudly cackling one day because it had laid an egg, Gotthold thought with himself, "This hen acts as proud saints and hypocrites do. Such characters make a trade of godliness, and have no sooner, with only half their hearts, performed a good work, than they are eager to have it every-where trumpeted and made known to their honor. True Christians are quite of another mind."

Gotthold proceeded: "The eye, the noblest member of the human body, does not see itself; and pity and godliness resemble it, in being destitute of self-consciousness. Believers do not believe that they believe. The humble are ignorant of their own humility. The best and most devout suppliants have their minds so full of God, that they are not aware, never think of, the fervor of their prayers. The kindest benefactors have no recollection of the good they do, and are surprised when men thank them for it. Truly pious people fancy that they have no piety, and consequently are always fighting and striving to attain it, in which indeed growth in godliness consists."

"My God! never have I greater reason for suspicion than when I am particularly pleased with myself, my faith, my prayers, and my alms."—*Emblems.*

Literary Correspondence from London.

Mr. Borrow's new work—The author's state of mind—Blackwood's Magazine—Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's new work—Changes in the London daily press—The daily paper of a century ago, and that of to-day—The British Museum Library—The theory of decipherment of the Cuneiform inscriptions adopted by the translators tested—The Atlantic telegraph—The Great Eastern steam-ship—Dr. McChintock—Douglas Jerrold—Dickens—Russell.

THE author of "The Bible in Spain" could not write a dull book, if he would. His works are not among the most important which the world has seen; but they take rank among the very best of the class to which they belong, and, if not exceedingly instructive, are at least fresh, original, sparkling, amusing, and entertaining in no ordinary degree. Mr. Barrow is mad, nevertheless. Not mad, indeed, in the sense attached to the word by a jury in absolving a homicide from the guilt of murder on the score of insanity. On the contrary, he is, I believe, a most amiable and kind-hearted madman, who would not hurt a fly in real life, though he is perfectly truculent on paper. His hallucination consists in a devout belief of the actual historical truth of all the occurrences and adventures he relates, in most of which he figures as the hero, though not a tithe of them ever had an existence, save in his own heated imagination. This statement applies to his very earliest as well as to his latest literary effort. "The Bible in Spain," which was accepted on its first appearance, and is still generally received, as a narrative of real facts, conveyed in a somewhat slap-dash style, has lately been described as "a tissue of lies," and a similar imputation of course attaches to his later works, into which the romantic element enters much more largely. But this is a harsh pronouncement, the fact probably being that there is a thin stratum of truth at the bottom, on which the author piles his superstructure of fiction; and there appears no doubt whatever that he is himself a firm believer in the truthfulness of the whole. His new work, "The Romany Rye"—which is, being interpreted, "The Gentleman Gipsy"—though abounding with talent, and occasionally flashing with genius, leaves little room to doubt that his state of mind is such as I have described. Indeed, one of his own heroines, a gipsy girl with whom he falls in love, hits the very plot in a letter she writes him after having left the camp to escape his attentions. "After very much consideration," she says, "I thought it best to leave you forever, because for some time past I had become almost convinced that, though with a wonderful deal of learning, and exceedingly shrewd in some things, you were—pray, don't be offended—at the root mad! And, though mad people, I have been told, sometimes make good husbands, I was unwilling that your friends, if you had any, should say that Belle Berners, the workhouse girl, took advantage of your infirmity." Well, "The Romany Rye" has at least method in his madness, and the book which bears his euphonious designation, takes a foremost place in the lighter literature of the season. It is a sequel to "Lavengro," and takes up the hero at the point where the latter work left him; but, though abounding with quaint episodes, and clever character sketches, it contains no plot which need be detailed here. The motto on the

title-page is, "Fear God, and take your own part," being a piece of advice from Belle Berners to the author, in the letter quoted above. To his determination to obey at least the latter portion of the injunction, the pugnacity exhibited on every page bears testimony; *ex. gr.*, the style in which he deals with the reviewers. In a former work, he says, he purposely misspelled a number of words in the Welsh and Italian languages, knowing that the critics would fail to detect the errors, and thus give him the opportunity, of which he now avails himself, "of holding them up by the tail, drawing their teeth, depriving them of their poison-bags, and exhibiting them with blood and foam streaming from their jaws." The only class of politicians with whom he has any sympathy he declares to be the Cato-street gang, who conspired to murder the entire administration at a cabinet dinner, some thirty years ago; singling out for his special admiration the leader, Thistlewood, "who whipped his long thin rapier through the lungs of Smithers," a police-officer, killed on the occasion, "and Ings, who made a dash at Fitzclarence with his butcher's knife." It is fortunate for this generation that Mr. Borrow, with such sanguinary sympathies, and such an admiration of the use of steel, restricts himself to the wielding of the steel-pen.

Blackwood's Magazine for this current month of June bears the Roman numeral "D" on the cover. *Maga* is not the only literary periodical in Great Britain which has attained to its five hundredth monthly number, but it is certainly the only one which presents in such striking combination the honors of age, and the vigor and freshness of its early youth. Of those other magazines still existing whose origin dates as far back as that of Blackwood, there is scarcely one whose issue of the present day is worth the paper on which it is printed; but each successive number of *Old Ebony*, as it meets our gladdened vision, inspires us with the same avidity to devour its contents which we were accustomed to experience in the days of "auld lang syne," when we could never succeed in establishing to our own satisfaction, whether the old gentleman in the skull-cap, on the cover, was the Bruce, or the Wallace, or Mr. Blackwood, or the immortal Kit North himself, in flannel dressing-gown and slippers, and with crutch at elbow, prepared, at, or without a moment's warning, to crack the crown of any unhappy cockney who might sacrilegiously intrude the length of his own nose into the sanctum where were enacted the awful mysteries of the *Noctes*! How we rejoiced to traverse the loch, the mountain, and the moor, with "Christopher in his sporting-jacket;" or, with poor Michael Scott, to have the battle and the breeze on the quarter-deck of the *Midge*, the *Torch*, the *Firebrand*, and the *Rattlesnake*; to partake with him of the prodigal hospitality of West India planters; to mingle in his merriment amid the scenes of broad burlesque which the incidents of life in the tropics present to the European eye; to grapple for life or death with the remorseless and desperate buccaneer; and to realize the highest conception of the terrible as we beheld the dark slave-ship, going down into the blacker depths of ocean, with her living cargo crammed and pent within her hold! But whatever

degree of enjoyment we were accustomed to derive from the perusal of Blackwood when Christopher North was still in the prime and vigor of manhood, and when its pages were adorned by the contributions of many another gifted writer whose name is now written in the dust, the interest which it excites to-day is no whit inferior to that of any former period; old Ebony still holds on its way with undiminished vivacity and vigor; and while, during its existence of upward of forty years, multitudes of periodicals similar in design, and many of them possessing no small degree of merit, have sprung into existence, it is still equally without a rival near its throne as at any former stage of its career. The original high Toryism of its politics has been modified in accordance with the progress of liberal opinions, and the trenchant style of criticism which obtained a quarter of a century ago has been exchanged for one not less honest though more refined and dignified; but in all essential matters, though the honors of age cluster thickly round the head of Blackwood, no trace of its proverbial infirmities is yet discernible.

The mention of Blackwood brings to mind a rumor which has prevailed for some days past, that Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton is about to retire permanently from political life and devote himself exclusively to literature. The rumor gains color from the fact that the current number of Blackwood contains the first four chapters of a new work from his pen, entitled, "What will he do with it?" and that his health, and constitution generally, have recently given token that the wear and tear of parliamentary life is itself too much for him, and can not possibly be endured in combination with regular literary pursuits. Sir Edward has drained to its very dregs the cup of worldly pleasure, and has repeatedly of late given emphatic expression to the weariness and disgust with which the frivolous pursuits of fashionable life have long inspired him; and the reflection of his feelings in this respect, in the work just commenced in Blackwood, is, therefore, looked for with no little interest. In this first installment nothing is to be discerned beyond the usual mannerisms of his style and plot, which, in this instance, would suffice to identify the work as his without the name of Pisistratus Caxton prefixed as that of the author. A clever, ingenuous youth, and a half-cynical man of middle age for his companion, are invariably portions of his stock in trade; and there is no mistaking his peculiarities of style—the fertility of classic illustration, the picturesque grouping, the rugged and abrupt transition, the deep pathos of one moment, which is dispelled in the next by the broad humor of an allusion which even its Attic salt fails at times to redeem from coarseness. Those qualities are not all fully developed in this early portion of the work, but their embryo is there, and we shall have them of full growth in due time.

Several changes are just now taking place in the London daily press, which excite much interest in literary and political circles. It is an ascertained fact that, except the Times and the Morning Advertiser, and possibly the Daily News, not one morning or evening newspaper in London pays its own working expenses. The Morning Chronicle, for eighty years the classic of the London press, has long been in a declining condition, in a commercial sense, though conducted with the highest ability; and when, two years ago, it passed into the hands of its present proprietor, and the talent which had previously sustained it was withdrawn, it became all but extinct,

and is now again changing hands for the mere value of the material. An attempt will be made to infuse fresh blood into it, and on all sides an earnest desire is manifested that the journals with which the names of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Sergeant Spankie, Coleridge, Lamb, Hazlitt, Thomas Campbell, De Quincey, Lord Campbell, Dickens, and a host of other literary celebrities are associated, should not expire of inanition. Lord Palmerston's own organ, the Morning Post, has sunk so low in point of circulation, that it is only maintained, for political purposes, at a sacrifice of probably fifty thousand dollars per annum. The Morning Herald and the Standard had for years been at the lowest ebb; and the proprietors of both having recently become bankrupt, they have just been sold for the merest trifle, and will be started afresh as conservative organs—with what chance of success may be judged from the fact that there is at present, in point of fact, no conservative party in England. Lord Derby calls himself the conservative chief, but he detests the newspaper press, and would be glad to see the entire proprietary in the Gazette. In this state of things some gentlemen, with more money than prudence, threaten us with two more morning papers; but a closer inspection, and a fuller acquaintance with the gigantic scale on which such enterprises must be conducted to furnish any chance of a successful competition with the Times, will probably deter them. The only really successful morning paper, besides the Times, is the Advertiser, and it appeals for support to an audience peculiarly its own, as it is the organ and property of the publicans, and, as a matter of course, is taken by them all.

It must seem strange to Americans that, with a population of twenty-eight millions in the United Kingdom, and of nearly three millions in the metropolis alone, only two daily newspapers are found to pay. The fact could be easily accounted for were newspapers now what they were described by Goldsmith a century ago. "The universal passion for politics," he says, in the Citizen of the World, "is gratified by daily gazettes, as with us at China. You must not, however, imagine that they who compile these papers have any actual knowledge of the politics or the government of a state; they only collect their materials from the oracle of some coffee-house; which oracle has himself gathered them the night before from a beau at a gaming-table, who has pillaged his knowledge from a great man's porter, who has had his information from the great man's gentleman, who has invented the whole story for his own amusement the night preceding." But we manage things differently now. The agents of the daily press are now found in the council-chambers of kings, on board the admiral's flag-ship, and at the headquarters of the general in the field. No distance is too great for them, no enterprise too hazardous, nothing too vast, and nothing too minute; and at the same moment that one correspondent of a morning journal is reporting the spread of disaffection among the Sepoy troops in the direction of the Punjab, another is bribing the wife of an Austrian minister for a copy of a state document, and a third, as Thackeray says, ascertaining the price of potatoes in Covent-Garden market.

But, however the depression of newspaper property is to be explained, it is certainly not owing to any diminution in the number of the reading public. The great body of the people had no idea of the existence of such a place as the Reading-Room of the British Museum, till

the new room, on its completion a few weeks ago, was thrown open for public inspection in the evening at such hours as not to interfere with the studies of the readers who resort to it for purely literary purposes. Since then, however, the application for admission as readers have very largely increased; and though the average attendance in the old rooms was not above a hundred daily, several hundred new readers, introduced in the regular way, have since been placed on the books. But the attendance even now, doubled though it has been since the opening of the new and gorgeous apartment now occupied, in which I write at this moment, gives no idea whatever of the number of readers on the books of the institution. They amount, in round numbers, to thirty-two thousand! Of course many have died, of whose death the officials have no knowledge, and their names are still retained. Some, too, who once frequented the place, are now wearing the convict's garb and toiling in our prisons and dockyards—for example, Sir John Dean Paul & Co., the felon bankers, Robson, the Crystal Palace share forger, and Redpath, the forger of railway shares. But making all reasonable deductions for deaths, emigration, etc., there are fully twenty thousand persons at this moment entitled to admission to the Reading-Room, and in a position to avail themselves of it. A very large proportion of these, of course, are persons who have not had any professional object in view in applying for admission, but who read merely for their own information or amusement. The remainder include nearly all persons connected with the periodical press, literary and scientific men at large, and a fair sprinkling of ladies; the latter of whom have now, for the first time, tables set apart for their own exclusive use, though they are not restricted to them should they prefer to sit among the gentlemen.

I forget what classic writer informs us that one of the Egyptian kings, having formed the first public library the world ever saw, and invited his subjects to avail themselves of its treasures, inscribed above the entrance-door, "Medicine for the mind." The Observer—not the Sunday newspaper, so called, but the classic of three-quarters of a century ago—remarks on this that "if it be a nobler office to preserve the mind in health than to keep the body after death from corruption, it must award to him higher praise for the benefaction of the library than if he had been the founder of the pyramids." In the Egyptian Gallery of the Museum, within twenty yards of the Reading-Room, are a number of mummies, among which may possibly be that of the good old king in question. A glance at those remains generally reminds one how completely the art of embalming, possessed in such perfection four thousand years ago, has been lost to us; but if a regret on that score should intrude, one needs only to pass into the library to be reminded how amply we are compensated for the loss by our possession of the steam printing machine.

A test has recently been applied to the mode of interpretation of the Cuneiform inscriptions adopted by the Assyrian decipherers, the result of which, so far as it has yet been ascertained, not only establishes the soundness of their theory and their practical skill, but seems of necessary consequence to overthrow the system of the Rev. Charles Foster, the advocate for the Israelitish origin of the Sinaitic Inscriptions. A selection was made of a long inscription, of about a thousand lines, embracing a great variety of public and private matters

relating to the reign of Tiglath Pileser I, who flourished upward of a thousand years before the time of our Lord. Three lithographed copies were made and supplied to Sir Henry Rawlinson and two other gentlemen respectively, and a translation was requested from each, with the condition that there should be no communication between them—Sir Henry Rawlinson residing in London, and the other gentlemen living, one in the provinces a considerable distance from town, and the other in Dublin. A committee, consisting of Dean Milman, Dr. Whewell, Mr. Grote, and some other gentlemen of similar qualifications, were appointed to receive the translations in sealed envelopes and open and compare them all together. The committee have not yet made their formal report, but the result is known to be that Sir Henry Rawlinson's version gave an unbroken rendering of the inscription from end to end in fifty-five long paragraphs, the correctness of which as a translation of the original was attested by the thorough identity with it in sense, and generally even in words, of the versions of the other two gentlemen, as far as they had gone—want of time having prevented Dr. Hinck, of Dublin, from completing his, and Mr. Talbot having left some passages blank which he had been unable to decipher. A fourth translation was attempted by a French gentleman, who was admitted to the trial at his own request, and his version also coincided, so far as it went, with Sir H. Rawlinson's; but his imperfect acquaintance with English had prevented him from making much way. Thus, then, a substantial and almost literal agreement is found between three independent translations—a fact which seems to set at rest forever all the doubts which had been expressed as to the soundness of the principles of interpretation which they adopt in common.

Public attention is now largely occupied by two matters involving most important problems in art and science, and in which America must feel almost an equal interest with England. The Great Eastern steamship is rapidly approaching completion, so much so that preparations are already going forward for her reception at the intended port of her departure on her trial trip to America; and the manufacture of the Atlantic Telegraph cable, and the arrangements for depositing it in its ocean bed, are progressing in a way which leaves nothing to be wished for. America little imagined, indeed, that her magnificent steam-frigate Niagara would be placed in the hands of the shipwrights in an English royal dockyard, to be half pulled to pieces and reconstructed before her return to her native shore; but the alterations which are being made, for a temporary purpose of course, will not in any degree affect her efficiency on her restoration to her proper character as a ship of war. Americans will scarcely need to be told that the English people fully appreciate the moral beauty of the spectacle of the war ships of both nations, divested of their frowning batteries, employed in the peaceful work of adding yet another to the thousand conventional and social bonds which unite in the fellowship of brotherhood two people previously linked together by the indissoluble ties of kindred blood, a common language, and a common faith. Fervently does Britain pray, and heartily doubtless will America respond to the aspiration, that the peaceful lightnings of both lands, as they gleam along the caverns of the deep, may be sanctified and blessed to the promotion of a harmony which shall never be broken by the roll of their hostile thunders above its surface.

And yet even this agency of peace is so readily susceptible of application for very different purposes, that the imagination will not be restrained from suggesting the possibility of its being applied to the latter and infinitely less desirable object. The very fact of a statesman having the telegraphic wire in his bureau, in London or in Washington, as the case may be, may tempt him, under the impulse of a momentary irritation, to flash across the Atlantic a retort which he would suppress were he compelled to reflect coolly on the matter for three or four days before the departure of the next mail steamer. A telegraphic communication would scarcely be sufficiently formal or dignified for a declaration of war, and that at all events need not be anticipated; but how completely would all our anticipations be falsified were the first use made by each country of the wire to recall its ambassador at the court of the other! Then, again, the Great Eastern, though intended for purposes of commerce and emigration exclusively, would make a capital troop-ship on an emergency, and convey some five thousand soldiers in a body to any spot where their presence was required. Suppose they were needed in Canada, or some other province of British America—how provoking to England it would be to learn that, when she was within a day's steaming of her destination, your Niagara hove in sight, and, having taken on board her armament after laying down the telegraphic cable, carried the monster ship and the army in her capacious womb straight into New York! Of course, at close quarters five thousand soldiers would prove a formidable boarding party, but the commander of the Niagara would not play his

enemy's game by engaging him yard-arm-and-yard-arm under such circumstances, but would lie off at a convenient distance, and quietly drop his shells on board the mammoth steamer, to which the latter could make no reply, not being an armed vessel. Clearly, in such a case the Union Jack must come down, unless the troop-ship be accompanied by a fleet for her protection. But, infinitely more cheering than such speculations as these is the view propounded by the Rev. Dr. M'Clintock at the Wesleyan Mission House the other evening, at a social assembly invited to receive him and Bishop Simpson on their arrival from America—his thorough conviction, namely, that war between two such nations was morally impossible—that the Almighty would not permit it—and that the statesman, whether English or American, who should advocate a war policy between them, would be a traitor, not only to his country, but to Christendom and to the world.

Mr. Douglas Jerrold died on Monday, the 8th instant—June. His removal leaves a blank among our writers of wit and satire which no man who has appeared in their ranks in the present generation is competent to fill—not even Thackeray himself. As to Dickens, a more complete break-down than that exhibited in the closing numbers of *Little Dorrit* has not been witnessed among us for a long time. The thing turns out at last almost as great a failure as W. H. Russell's lectures on the war, which caused somebody to apply to him the other day the line descriptive of poor Goldsmith in two distinct capacities—

"He writes like an angel, but talks like poor Poll."

New York Literary Correspondence.

AMERICA, so long the favored land of the Germans, is so no longer. German prints abound in ill-natured caricatures of American life and manners. German editors—I mean of course publications and men of Germany—indulge in criticisms by no means gentle, on American morality and immorality. Exaggerated specimens of American "business tact" are circulated, and, in short, the press of Germany seems arrayed, bodily, against us, and intent upon causing a thorough revolution of sentiment among the Germans against the United States. Many of these anti-American squibs are of course from pens whose holders never saw what they describe. But occasionally one speaks out his own experiences and the inferences he has drawn therefrom. And then it is not unusual to meet with here and there a stubborn truth—a sharp criticism upon some social fault, which it can not do us, the faulty ones, harm to read. In a recent essay on "American society," which I take from a Berlin paper, there are, amidst much exaggeration, some such stubborn truths. The writer says:

"Little girls move about and assume the airs of grown young ladies; and young boys, scarce out of their breech-cloths, pay them as serious compliments, and treat them in as stately a way as though they, the boys, were full-blown cavaliers. Scarce are the girls in their teens, when they take upon themselves all the liberties and privileges of ladies long in society. They make and receive calls, give parties, go out in the company of gen-

tlemen not of their family, in short, in every way assert their independence of restraint. Such a training," observes the writer, "truly develops a certain firmness of character and coolness of judgment, but it no less surely destroys the beautiful poetry of maidenly innocence and inexperience."

"Most American young ladies who frequent society," says this audacious critic—for whose opinions, be it observed, the present writer by no means desires to be held responsible—"have an air as though they had been already a couple of times engaged. They are cool and supercilious, haughty and heartless. They assume the most absurd privileges, and claim for themselves, as toward the opposite sex, a degree of exemption from the ordinary amenities of pleasant social intercourse, which makes their presence necessarily a burden to sensible men, who shrink from carrying respect so far as to become adulation. Accordingly we find in America that young men frequent the society of ladies more for the sake of the excitement of the dance, and of crowded unsocial gatherings miscalled parties, than for the sake of pleasant intercourse. And we find, too, that the chief enjoyment of young men of means, who have access to the 'best' female society is not found in such society, but in social gatherings confined exclusively to men. In these gatherings they make up for the 'privations' they have endured in the company of their over-assuming lady friends.

"In fact"—I quote further, at the risk of reprimand from some fair lady reader—"the young ladies are the tyrants of American life. To them every thing is sacrificed—for their enjoyment all is ordered—*till they marry*; and then their scepter departs forever. Not that they are less tyrannical; but the married woman at once enters into a great war with others of her sex and station. . . . With all their republicanism there is no people more innately inclined to exclusiveness, and other aristocratic vices, than the Americans. In his business relations the male American is sufficiently liberal. But at home his reign is at an end—and there he sees and knows only the small coterie whom his wife or his daughters choose to recognize. At his business he works in the freest spirit. At home his society is made up only of those who come up to the mark his wife and daughters have set, as to riches or ancestry, or what not. The higher classes of this republican country aim to have not only their own exclusive social circle, but their own churches, their peculiar streets, their special summer resorts, from which—churches and all—the poorer people are sought to be religiously excluded. And this spirit reigns not only in the larger cities, where such distinctions might be naturally looked for; but no sooner has some little one-horse town of the interior succeeded in assuming the title of 'city'—an assumption made usually on the very slightest possible foundations—than those of its lady inhabitants who can arrogate to themselves the superiority of wealth, straightway take upon themselves to form an exclusive circle, within whose bounds no one gains admittance who has not that magic key of wealth to open the doors withal."

I will quote no more at present from this writer. His comments on American society are sometimes unfair. But once in a while, it must be admitted, he comes not far from some very pertinent truth.

In literature there is not just now much doing in New York. The dull season is approaching. Authors, publishers, and readers alike take a rest during the heated term. Yet the press is by no means idle. It must be kept going to supply in time the recurring want for something new.

I have spoken in a previous letter of Dr. Livingston, the great African explorer. His book, so long waited for, will soon be ready for the numbers who are eager for its perusal. The Harpers, who have secured the plates for this country, are getting it ready as fast as possible, and will, I am informed, publish it simultaneously with its publication in England. Dr. Livingston has the true idea of the dissemination of Christianity. "Commerce, civilization, Christianity," are his watchwords. Had he gone out merely as a disseminator of *Christian doctrine*, he would not have produced the effect he has done; he would have accomplished little more, in fact, than have done the numbers of mere traders, who have gone among savage tribes simply for the sake of filthy lucre. To state the abstract Christian doctrine is only the merest beginning of the great work of converting a heathen people. To show that people the results of this doctrine, in our civilization, and to open their eyes to the great fact that only Christianity can ever elevate them in their social, political, and commercial relations, and that there is no true Christianity without civilization, without commercial enterprise and prosperity, without national vigor—to prove all this, I take to be the chief and glorious work of an enlightened missionary of the Gospel. In this

way he reaches, not individuals but nations, and brings under the holy influence of the cross a continent, in the time it would otherwise take him to win a small tribe. This I take to be the meaning of "making to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness." And this has Dr. Livingston done. At a late meeting in London, he said:

"In speaking to mercantile men in this city, most of whom are self-made men, I need not make any allusion to the commencement of an enterprise which, I have not the smallest doubt, will yet be a glorious one, although I may not live to see it. All that I wish to see in Africa is, the beginning—the dawn of the future—because I believe that that future will be glorious. The capabilities of Africa are exceedingly great, and I believe that commerce has not yet done any thing like half its work. It is just beginning to extend itself, and Christianity is just beginning with her work for the future."

Speaking of the condition of the interior of Africa, he gives an anecdote, which reveals a laughable Yankee trait in these benighted Africans:

"I have seen children sold for about twelve shells. In the center of the country you may get a slave for two shells. At the coast these shells are very cheap, but in the center of the country they are quite as valuable as the Lord Mayor's badge. In order to show his great friendship for me, one of the great chiefs came to me during the night. He did not wish to show his friendship before his people; he wanted to give me a proof of his friendship somewhat in the same manner in which you now honor me. He entered my little tent, and took out a small shell and hung it round my neck, and said: 'There, you see a proof of my friendship, and when the path for commerce is made, let it come through my town.'"

Many of your lady readers have no doubt read with interest Mrs. Gaskell's *Life of Charlotte Brontë*, and will remember the statement there made of Bramwell Brontë's unfortunate affection for a lady of quality. To every body's surprise, Mrs. Gaskell's attorney makes in a late English paper a most explicit retraction, on the part of his client, of the entire story, and acknowledges that it originated in a mistake. The circumstances are stated with so much circumstantiality in the book, that really more than so meager an explanation is due to Mrs. Gaskell's own character; and her friends look anxiously for a more extended setting forth of the circumstances which caused so serious a mistake.

Dr. Barth's three volumes, describing his explorations in the interior of Africa, will shortly be published by Messrs. Harper & Bros. Two more volumes will complete the account. These will be published late in the fall. Very soon we may expect our maps of Africa to present a more lively spectacle than the mélange of "desert," and "unexplored," which now fills all but the mere coast lines. The generation now growing up may hope to witness the very general Christianization of the land of Ham.

Those of your readers who found the large and handsome edition of Com. Perry's *Japan Expedition* too costly for them, will be pleased to learn that the Appletons have published an abridged edition, containing all the most interesting matter, and the illustrations, but omitting the scientific portions, which have less interest for the merely general reader. The abridgment has been made by Dr. Robert Tones, who, it is but just to say, is the real editor of the larger work, Rev. Dr. Hawks hav-

ing contributed little more than his name to the title-page. Dr. Tones is a modest man, and would scarce say himself what it is but proper his friends should say for him.

I must close my letter by a few items of literary gossip.

Constantine Lemonides, a Greek, who a few years ago set the learned of Europe agape by his extraordinary forgeries of Greek Palimpsests, has suddenly turned up in Munich, where he has set up a monthly journal, the "Memnon," devoted to the elucidation of Egyptian hieroglyphics, and the extension of our knowledge concerning the ancient Egyptians. Should he find himself short of "copy," the ingenious fellow would scarce hesitate to get up a few papyri himself.

I see in a Sandwich Island paper that the book of Mormon has been translated into Hawaiian.

The London Athenæum shows, in a late pungent criticism, that nearly two hundred pages of the sixth volume of Sir A. Allison's History of Europe are copied, with very slight verbal alterations, from Mr. Kay's work on Afghanistan.

Mr. Alexander Smith, who has lately committed matrimony, has just published in England a new poem. The subject is, "Town and Country Life." Tennyson is just getting out a new poem also. The subject is one of his earliest favorites, "King Arthur," being, in fact, a further contribution to his unfinished epic, "Morte d'Arthur."

M. de Cassagnac, a spirited French author, has just published a work entitled, "The History of the Fall of Louis Philippe, of the Republic of 1848, and of the re-establishment of the Empire." The book will make a sensation in Europe. It makes some curious revelations. For instance, it seems that General Changarnier, M. Thiers, and M. de Falloux, all proposed *coups d'état* to get rid of the republican constitution. These gentlemen kept quiet, however, and allowed Louis Napoleon to take all the blame of the nefarious act.

An English literary journal cuts into Edinburgh, the "modern Athens," after the following fashion:

"Edinburgh once had a powerful place in periodical literature. What is the fact now? The title is the only connection the 'Edinburgh Review' has with the place of its birth—publisher, editor, and contributors being alike English; 'Blackwood's' native staff of contributors is reduced to an individual; 'Chambers' has dropped out 'Edinburgh' from the title as no longer characteristic of their 'Journal,' while the 'North British Review,' the only younger serial that seemed to promise well, yielding to the influence of the place, is at this very moment in a state of suspended animation."

This is all true, no doubt. And yet, on the other hand, it might be mentioned that not a single one of the London journals, daily, weekly, or monthly, but has more or less Scotchmen as editors or contributors. Some of the papers are entirely edited by Scotchmen or Irishmen. Taken collectively, the English periodicals are in a vast minority, either as to talent or numbers.

It is a singular fact, that in our own city of New York the great majority of periodical writers are foreigners. One of the best dailies has actually not a native of the United States on its editorial staff. All of the most flourishing journals are in great part edited by foreigners. It is no less singular that Putnam's Magazine, which boasted so loudly of its pre-eminently American

character, long reckoned among its ablest and most successful contributors, foreigners resident in America. And to cap the climax, it is a fact that during the Presidential campaign of last year, one of the chief Native American organs, the most ultra perhaps of all, was under the sole editorial management of a rank foreigner. All which is only a verification of the Scripture saying, "A prophet is not without honor, except in his own country and in his own house."

It is gratifying to notice the progress of Protestantism in France, as reported by M. Fisch, of Paris, at the recent anniversary in London of the Evangelical Continental Society. A great change seems to have taken place in the political press of Paris, and the two principal daily papers have come strongly to advocate Protestant principles. The *Journal des Débats* has openly espoused the cause of truth, and declares that there is no hope for France unless she becomes Protestant. Recently in a leading article, the editor, who, by the way, is a man of superior talents and energy, contrasts France and England, and very conclusively shows that the superiority of the latter over the former is plainly attributable to Protestantism. Writers of history as well as editors are taking up the same strain; and while once it was so much in vogue for historians to speak in high terms of praise of the Church of Rome, and with contempt of the principles of the Reformation, now this is all reversed. The present writers of history are aiming to make it appear that France never was so prosperous, in all respects, as when she was a Protestant country. Yet we are not to suppose that such indications as these would pass unnoticed by the Romanists of France, or fail to incur their opposition. Accordingly we have news of a new Catholic association having been formed at Paris, under the patronage of Monseigneur de Segur, a prelate of the Pope's household, for the express purpose of opposing the march of Protestantism. The founders of this society appear to be much alarmed at the multiplication of Protestant schools and churches, which they attribute to the efforts of foreign Bible societies. They complain dolorously of the rampant progress of heresy in many parts of the country, and that a Protestant Church has been established in Avignon, the city of the Popes. "The weapons with which the new society proposes to fight are very harmless and perfectly fair. They ask all well-wishers to their cause to send money and information to Monseigneur de Segur, and undertake to offer up prayers every day for the conversion of Protestants, and the confusion of the enemies of the only true faith." It is a great pity that "mother Church" had not always restricted herself to means and measures so innocent and appropriate for the conversion of those whom she esteems apostates and heretics. In such an event what rivers of blood had never been shed—and what an amount of suffering and agony had been spared—and what an enormous reproach upon Christianity had found no existence!

We take occasion to add, that the Emperor finds it to his own profit to lend his aid toward Papal supremacy in France. In addition to the efforts above alluded to, a recent undertaking is a vast literary work, consisting of the "history of the worship of the Virgin Mary in France, since the origin of Christianity till the present day, to be entitled, '*Historie de Notre Dame de France*.'" The Emperor contributes largely in money toward this object.

Items, Literary, Scientific, and Religious.

LIFE AND TIMES OF JOHN WESLEY.—We see such a work announced as forthcoming in England from the pen of George Smith, well known in this country as the author of those learned and able works, "The Patriarchal Age" and "The Hebrew People." The work will, no doubt, be republished immediately in this country. We shall greet its appearance, and we hope it may go far toward supplying what has been a want long felt by the better class of mind among us in relation to the founder of Methodism. Our readers will remember that we expressed our views upon the subject in the Repository some time since. Those views have met with a wide concurrence in our journals and among the leading minds in the Church. Few are aware of the great amount of rich material belonging to the times of Wesley and relating to the early Methodist movement, which has as yet been put in no tangible shape for popular use. Nor indeed were we ourselves—though we had most of the works, pro and con, relating to Wesley and his career as a reformer—till we came into possession of a series of biographical and miscellaneous collections, bound in several volumes. But more of this at another time.

CINCINNATI WESLEYAN FEMALE COLLEGE.—It is now about seventeen years since this noble institution was first projected. And from its first organization its progress has been steadily and uniformly upward, till it justly ranks among the very first female colleges in the land. It is thoroughly organized and graded—into some eight or nine departments—from the primary to the senior. At the head of each department is an experienced teacher, and the institution seems to be composed of so many different, and, in some respects, independent schools. Few schools in the country—whether east or west—can present such a corps of teachers or such an army—some four or five hundred—of pupils. It is patronized without distinction of sect, whether Jew or Christian, and its fame—built upon the firm foundation of practical success—is wide-spread and well established. Rev. P. B. Wilber, of the Cincinnati conference, has presided over the institution from its origin, with a unity of aim and a steadiness of purpose, rarely equaled among the educators of our country. A marked feature of the institution is the Lyceum—a literary association, over which Mrs. Wilber presides with great ability and success. The public meetings of the Lyceum never fail to draw crowded houses, and it has produced some writers of decided talent. A movement is now on foot to raise \$50,000 in the city alone, to liquidate the debt and improve the buildings of the institution. Methodism in Cincinnati—abundant in resources as it is—will be dishonored if the plan is not made to succeed. Now is the time for our men of wealth and of worldly prosperity to act. Its Alumni Association comprises some of the finest educated talent in the country. Bishop Morris is President of the Board of Trustees.

OHIO WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.—Few of our colleges have enjoyed more uniform prosperity than this. It has an able faculty, with an able leader at their head. No board of instruction could work with greater harmony or with more uniform success. We are glad to know that

the current income is now equal to the expenditures. Hereafter, no doubt, funds will be needed to endow new professorships, erect new buildings, and to improve and beautify the grounds. But the institution may now be said to be substantially endowed. A more tasteful library building is not to be found in the country; and, indeed, all the appurtenances of the college denote good taste, and a vigorous and healthy growth. In a distant part of the village, imbedded in a beautiful grove, is the Ohio Wesleyan Female College, comparatively new, but largely patronized and giving great promise for the future.

THE TRACT SECRETARY.—We perceive that the Rev. F. S. De Hass has been transferred to the New York East conference, and become the assistant of Dr. Floy in the tract department of his office. Thus we have at last virtually a tract secretary. From our own editorial experience we have no doubt of the necessity of some such arrangement. No man can really edit such a monthly as the National and attend to indispensable ministerial duties without finding full employment for his hands. Brother De Hass is well known as an energetic, untiring agent.

REV. JOHN A. COLLINS.—The sudden death of this eminent minister sent a thrill of sorrow through thousands of hearts. His name had become a household word in our Israel. As an impromptu speaker and debater he was equaled by few if any in the Church. He was prompt, energetic, fearless—always acting, we believe, from convictions of justice and right. His loss will be long and widely felt in the Church. Our personal acquaintance with him, though brief, had led us to cherish for him high respect and affection.

THE NORTH-WESTERN UNIVERSITY.—The classes in the course of college studies have already been organized in this institution. Dr. Foster has removed to Evanston and entered upon the duties of the presidency, but still retains his ecclesiastical connection with the New York conference.

INTERESTING STATISTICS OF THE UNITED STATES.—The United States are composed of thirty-two states and nine territories. They contain an entire population of 27,000,000, of whom 23,000,000 are white. The extent of sea-coast is 12,600 miles. The length of the ten principal rivers is 20,000 miles. The surface of the five great lakes is 90,000 square miles. The number of miles of railway in operation is 20,000, which cost \$70,000,000. The length of canals is 5,000 miles. It contains the longest railway on the globe—the Illinois Central—which is 784 miles. The annual agricultural productions are worth \$200,000,000. Its most valuable production is Indian corn, which yields annually 400,000,000 bushels. The amount of registered and enrolled tonnage is 4,407,010 tons. The amount of capital invested in manufactures is \$600,000,000. The annual amount of internal trade is \$600,000,000. The annual value of the products of labor—other than agricultural—is \$1,500,000,000. The annual value of the income of their inhabitants is \$1,500,000,000. The value of farms and live stock is \$500,000,000. Its mines of gold, copper, lead, and iron, are

among the richest in the world. The value of gold produced is \$100,000,000. The surface of its coal fields is 138,131 square acres. Within her borders are 80,000 schools, 5,000 academies, 235 colleges, and 3,800 churches.

PROVISION IN THE UNITED STATES FOR THE MANUFACTURE OF DRUNKARDS.—There are in the United States 1,217 distilleries, in which 5,240 persons are employed; a capital of \$8,507,674 is invested. They consume yearly 11,367,761 bushels of corn, 3,787,170 bushels of barley, 2,143,927 bushels of rye, 56,240 hogsheads of molasses. They manufacture 42,461,920 gallons of ale, 41,364 gallons of whisky and high wines, and 6,500,000 gallons of rum, being about four gallons for every man, woman, and child in the country.

Who can enumerate the consequences of this manufacture?—the number of drunkards made, families impoverished, young men ruined, the tears of sorrow poured out, and the souls sent to perdition? This would make a frightful record; but it is all written in God's book.

PHENOMENA OF THE SEA.—The proportion of the sea to the land on the globe is about three to one; that is, three-fourths of the surface of the earth is covered with water.

The proportion of land north of the equator to that south of the same line is as 11 to 4. It follows from this, that only one twenty-seventh part of existing land has land diametrically opposite to it in the other hemisphere. It is also a fact that only one-sixth of the line of the equator, as it girdles the earth, rests upon land.

The mean elevation above the sea level of all the land on the globe—inlands, continents, mountains, and plains, as estimated by Humboldt, is somewhat less than 1,000 feet; while Laplace calculates the mean depths of the great oceans of our planet to be at least 21,000 feet. From these data it follows that there is sufficient water in these oceans to cover to a great depth all the land upon the globe.

OCEAN SOUNDINGS.—American ingenuity has recently devised a better system of soundings for ascertaining the ocean depths than what has previously existed. It has been decided that the twine for this purpose should be of a stronger texture than heretofore used, so as to bear a weight of at least sixty pounds freely suspended in the air. To such a twine a simple cannon-ball is attached of thirty-two pounds or sixty-eight pounds weight, and so appended as that on touching the ground at the bottom of the sea the ball becomes detached from the line. By this instrument more accurate soundings have been attained than before. The greatest depth as yet discovered by sounding is in the north Atlantic, on the southern edge of the New Foundland banks, where the ball touched the ground and parted from its line at about 25,000 feet, or nearly five miles below the surface. But if the calculation of Laplace, touching the average depth of the sea, be correct, there must exist large spaces where the soundings are far deeper than what have yet been ascertained.

THE OCEAN TELEGRAPHIC PLATEAU.—It is remarkable that between New Foundland and the Irish coast, where the width of the ocean is sixteen hundred miles, the bottom is a plateau gradually descending from each coast, and having its greatest depth from the surface very near midway of the ocean, which greatest depth is but little over 12,000 feet, or about two and a third miles. This

whole line has been sounded, and the whole surface at the bottom is reported as soft and as being "a singularly equable level." This, as is well known, is the "telegraphic plateau," where the sublime experiment is about to be made of laying down an electric cable, uniting the eastern and western continents. This cable is three-fourths of an inch in diameter, weighing about a ton to the mile, and is capable of supporting six miles of its own length suspended vertically in the water. The whole civilized world will look with intense interest for the success of this wonderful enterprise.

WEALTHY MEN.—Cæsar is computed to have been worth in landed property \$8,500,000, and personal property to an equal amount.

Seneca was deemed to be worth the same amount—\$17,000,000.

Julius Cæsar was rich enough to purchase the friendship of Lucius Paulus for \$1,000,000, and that of Curio for \$2,500,000. He incurred debts amounting to \$15,000,000.

Tiberias left \$118,125,000, which Caligula spent in one year, living at the rate of \$250,000 a day. A single supper cost \$400,000. Esopus, the comedian, did worse still, having given \$400,000 for a single dish.

There are wealthy men still in the world. The Duke of Devonshire's home farm contains 3,500 acres, and he has another farm in Derbyshire of 96,000 acres. His income is a million of dollars annually, and he spends it all.

Emerson tells us that he rode on the highway twenty-three miles through the estate of the Duke of Cleveland; that the Duke of Sutherland owns the county of Sutherland, stretching across Scotland from sea to sea; that the Duke of Richmond has 40,000 acres at Goodwood, and 300,000 at Gorden Castle; that the Duke of Norfolk's Park, in Sussex, is fifteen miles in circuit; and that the Marquis of Breadalbane rides out of his house a hundred miles on a straight line to the sea on his own property. And he tells of an English agriculturist who lately bought a farm of 500,000 acres.

The Rothschilds are worth \$40,000,000.

The income of William B. Astor, New York, is \$1,100,000 a year, or \$3,000 a day. Yet he is represented as a diseased and discontented man—in law with his tenants about half the time, and instead of taking the world kindly he spends eight hours of ten in reading upon the statutes of fraud.

Truly enough a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.

THE EMIGRANTS TO LIBERIA.—The following table shows the number of emigrants sent to Liberia by the American Colonization Society and its auxiliaries, from each state, from 1820 to 1856, inclusive: Massachusetts, 84; Rhode Island, 33; Connecticut, 46; New York, 199; New Jersey, 35; Pennsylvania, 179; Delaware, 5; Maryland, 510; District of Columbia, 104; Virginia, 3,315; North Carolina, 1,158; South Carolina, 415; Alabama, 104; Georgia, 1,030; Mississippi, 536; Louisiana, 261; Tennessee, 674; Kentucky, 585; Ohio, 55; Indiana, 78; Illinois, 34; Missouri, 83; Iowa, 3; Texas, 16; Choctaw Nation, 7; others, 3. Total, 9,502. Number born free, 3,676; number that purchased their freedom, 326; number emancipated for emigration to Liberia, 5,500.

LONDON contains 19,000 miles of gas pipes, 300,000 lights, and 13,000,000 feet of gas are burnt every year.

GENESEE COLLEGE AND WESLEYAN SEMINARY.—These two institutions, though independent in their corporate existence, have their buildings located upon the same site, and in many respects they give efficiency to each other by the interblending of their machinery. The location—Lima, New York—is one of unsurpassed beauty; the center, in fact, of one of the garden-spots of the earth. The position these institutions hold in the community may be gathered from the fact that their annual aggregate of patronage runs hard upon a thousand—about one hundred of the number being members of the College proper. Ladies have access to all the classes, and may not only take the full college course, but also graduate as *bachelors*. At the recent commencement fifteen candidates graduated to the first degree, of whom five were ladies. It is but just to say that the ladies acquitted themselves with great credit in the reading of their theses on the commencement occasion. The old lyceum question, *whether the male has more intellect than the female*, is having a thorough practical discussion here, and, indeed, bids fair to receive a practical solution at this institution. The great want of this—as of most of our other colleges—is an adequate endowment. When this is secured—as it will be before long—few institutions in the country will possess higher facilities for extended usefulness. Both the College and the Seminary are manned by an experienced and able faculty.

OCEAN STEAMERS.—The increase in ocean steamers has more than kept pace with all other enterprises in the way of freight and passenger transportation, and has probably outrun the profitable demand for ocean steam navigation. The German propellers do a good business in passengers and freight, and the same is true of the greater portion of the Havre and Liverpool sailing ships. Good authority assures us that without the aid of the Government mail contract, no first-class steamers can be sustained. The departures of steamers from America have averaged about five per week, and the same number weekly depart from the different ports of Europe for America. When the steamers now under contract on the other side are completed, and the additional lines contemplated are under way, there will no doubt be a steamer departing daily for Europe, and from Europe for America.

There are fourteen different lines of steamers, making, under their present arrangement, an aggregate of nearly six hundred trips per year.

They are as follows:

	Trips.
Cunard Line—Liverpool, Boston, and New York.....	104
Collins's—Liverpool and New York.....	62
Livingston's—Southampton, Havre, and New York.....	26
Vanderbilt's—Southampton, Bremen, and New York.....	16
Sands's—Ocean Steam Navigation Company—Bremen, Southampton, and New York.....	26
European and American Steam Company—Bremen, London, and New York.....	62
Liverpool, New York, and Philadelphia Companies.....	62
Glasgow Line—Glasgow and New York.....	62
Belgium Line—Antwerp, Southampton, and New York.....	62
Hamburg Line—Hamburg and New York.....	24
Montreal Line—Liverpool and Portland, or Quebec.....	62
North Atlantic Steam Navigation Company—Liverpool, St. Johns, Halifax, and Portland.....	26
Montreal Ocean Steamship Company—Quebec and Liverpool.....	26

Besides these there are several transient steamers, as the Clyde, plying between Quebec and Glasgow, and others.

One line of steamers will stop at St. Johns to land and receive passengers, and, when necessary, to coal. By this

arrangement, the European news, till the completion of the Ocean Line, will reach New York in from five and a half to six days. The telegraph to St. Johns is now in good working condition.

BRITISH RAILWAYS.—Great Britain has 8,054 miles of railway completed, making a line of single rails more than sufficient in length to complete a belt of iron around the globe. The cost of these lines has been £286,000,000. The earthworks of these lines measure 550,000,000 cubic yards. Eighty millions of train miles are run annually on the railways; 5,000 engines and 150,000 vehicles compose the working stock. The companies employ over 90,000 officers and servants, and the engines consume annually 2,000,000 tons of coal; equal to the whole amount exported to foreign countries and to one-half of the annual consumption of London.

SAFETY OF RAILROAD TRAVEL IN ENGLAND.—At a meeting of the General Railway Club in England, Mr. Watkin, the President, stated, that from calculations he had made, a man must travel by railway, in that country, between 150,000,000 and 160,000,000 miles—and that would take, he had estimated, between 2,000 and 3,000 years—before a fatal accident might be expected to happen to him; and he had no doubt, as he had heard it before expressed, that the safest position a man could place himself in, in this world of casualty and danger, would be in the first-class carriage of an express train. In the United States the case would be found to stand somewhat differently.

NAVIGATION OF IRON SHIPS.—D. Scoresby, the eminent English savant, recently undertook a voyage to Australia for the purpose of making experiments with compasses on iron vessels, in order, if possible, to discover some means of preventing local attraction on board that class of vessels. In writing from Australia, after accomplishing his voyage out, he says that the only way to keep the compass from being influenced by the iron of the vessel is to elevate it above the reach of its influence on the mast. He also says that if the return voyage shall prove as satisfactory as the one out, the principal risk in the navigation of iron ships may be considered overcome.

CHEMISTRY AND THE DAIRY.—A scientific agriculturist near Brussels, in Europe, has been making a series of experiments, with the most satisfactory results, in restoring rancid butter to its original sweetness and freshness of taste. The operation is perfectly simple and practicable. The butter is beaten in a sufficient quantity of water, into which had been mixed chlorid of lime at the rate of about twenty-five or thirty drops to every two pounds of the butter. After bringing all the butter into contact with the water it is allowed to stand for an hour; then the solution is poured off and the butter washed thoroughly in clean water. The small quantity of chlorid used is declared to be abundantly sufficient for all purposes.

SEAMEN.—The number of seamen of all nations is estimated at nearly two millions. The commercial marine throughout the world was stated in the year 1855 to embrace about 15,000,000 tons. Of this amount Great Britain had 5,000,000, the United States 5,200,000, and the other nations of the earth, in Asia and Europe, had the residue.

Literary Notices.

NEW BOOKS.

PULPIT ELOQUENCE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY: *Containing Discourses of Eminent Living Ministers in Europe and America, with Sketches Biographical and Descriptive.* By Rev. Henry C. Fish. With an Introductory Essay by Edwards A. Park, D. D. New York: M. W. Dodd.—This goodly volume, of more than eight hundred pages, comprises nine sermons from the German pulpit, eight from the French pulpit, eighteen from the American pulpit, eight from the English pulpit, the same number from the Scotch pulpit, four from the Irish, and three from the Welsh pulpits—making in all fifty-eight sermons, in addition to Professor Park's introductory essay.

It will be understood that the authors of these discourses are from among the chief ministers of their respective nations and denominations, and it is, of course, presumable that they are all productions of a high order. Dr. Darbin and Dr. McClintock represent the Methodist Episcopal Church, and Bishop Pierce the Church South.

COMMON SENSE APPLIED TO RELIGION; or, The Bible and the People. By Catherine E. Beecher. New York: Harper & Brothers.—On a slight glance at the Introduction of this book, which is in fact little else than a relation of the author's religious experience, it irresistibly impresses us that the book is another picture of the disastrous tendencies of certain dogmas of Calvinism, as they affect many sincere and thoughtful minds. With this one remark we must lay by the book for a more extended notice hereafter.

THE STUDENT'S GIBBON. By William Smith, LL. D.—This is Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" abridged—incorporating the researches of recent commentators, and illustrated by one hundred wood engravings. Its main design is to aid the student to master the history of the vast period comprehended in Gibbon's work, for which purpose the author deems the original work too voluminous. The more important omissions are those passages of Gibbon which, in one way or another, evince his hostility to the Christian religion. It is a comely volume of 680 pages, with a copious index. New York: Harper & Brothers.

BOAT LIFE IN EGYPT AND NUBIA. By William C. Prime. Author of *Tent Life in the Holy Land, The Old House by the River, etc.* New York: Harper & Brothers.—A sprightly and attractive narrative of incidents of travel along the Nile in 1855; and the reader may sit down in his quiet home and with the help of this book travel over with delight, and without labor or damage, one of the most interesting regions of the globe.

RANDOM SKETCHES AND NOTES OF EUROPEAN TRAVEL IN 1856. By Rev. John E. Edwards. New York: Harper & Brothers.—We have here a plain, business-like statement of incidents of European travel, admirably adapted to meet the wants of the masses of readers. "This work," says the author, "is not historical—not scientific—not philosophical, nor does it pretend to any thing in a literary way." He claims for the book accuracy of state-

ment, and that it was written during his travels, and not composed in the quietness of the study at home from notes taken while away. The volume will amply repay a careful perusal.

PICTURES OF SLAVERY IN CHURCH AND STATE, including Personal Reminiscences, Biographical Sketches, Anecdotes, etc. With an Appendix, containing the Views of John Wesley and Richard Watson on Slavery. By Rev. John Dixon Long, Philadelphia Conference. Published by the Author. Philadelphia.

PERIODICALS AND PAMPHLETS.

DICKINSON COLLEGE, C. Collins, D. D., President, assisted by seven professors. Students: collegiate department, 135; preparatory, 58; total, 193.

OHIO WESLEYAN FEMALE COLLEGE, Delaware, Ohio, Park S. Donelson, A. M., President, assisted by five teachers. Students: total number, 203.

BROOKVILLE COLLEGE, Brookville, Indiana, Rev. John W. Locke, A. M., President, assisted by five teachers. Total number, 160.

MOUNT UNION SEMINARY AND NORMAL SCHOOL, O. N. Hartshorn, A. M., President, assisted by nine teachers. Whole number, 441.

FEMALE COLLEGE, Springfield, Ohio, Rev. John W. Weakley, D. D., President, assisted by seven teachers. Total number, 116.

PITTSBURG FEMALE COLLEGE, Rev. L. D. Barrows, President, assisted by eight teachers. Total number of students, 153.

ILLINOIS CONFERENCE FEMALE COLLEGE, Rev. A. S. McCoy, A. M., President, assisted by eleven teachers. Total number, 204.

HILLSBORO FEMALE COLLEGE, Rev. Joseph M'D. Mathews, A. M., President, assisted by six teachers. Number of students, 96.

WESLEYAN FEMALE COLLEGE, Cincinnati, Rev. P. B. Wilber, A. M., President, Mrs. Wilber, Governess, assisted by eighteen teachers. Collegiate department, 158; preparatory department, 172; primary department, 37; irregulars, 5. Total, 372.

MINUTES OF THE TROY ANNUAL CONFERENCE report 23,844 members and 181 local preachers.

KANSAS AND NEBRASKA CONFERENCE reports 1,033 members—local preachers, 43.

NEW YORK CONFERENCE reports 26,666 members and 161 local preachers.

PITTSBURG CONFERENCE reports 30,397 members and 245 local preachers, with many other interesting statistics.

COSMOPOLITAN ART JOURNAL for June—embellished with engravings of several eminent artists.

INDIANA ASBURY FEMALE COLLEGE, New Albany, Indiana, B. F. Rawlins, A. M., President, assisted by ten teachers. Total number of pupils, 161.

MADISON COLLEGE, Uniontown, Pennsylvania, Rev. G. Brown, D. D., President, assisted by five professors. Total number, 57.

Notes and Queries.

HOW ENAMELS CAME TO BE CALLED PORCELAIN.—A word often embodies a little history in itself. This is the case with the use of the word *porcelain* to designate enamels. In 1518 the Portuguese effected their settlement at Macao. Through them the first specimens of Chinaware were imported into Europe. They had applied the term *porcellana* to the cowrie shells which represented oriental money, because of their resemblance to the backs of little pigs. And afterward, as the transparent and beautiful texture of Chinaware resembled that of the delicate cowrie shell, it was called by the same name. From this has originated the English term—porcelain. The splendid enamels that glitter in the shop windows, and the "little pigs" that run their snouts along the gutters—both *porcellana*! We can scarcely wonder that even Noah Webster had to confess, "I know not the origin of the name."

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.—This celebrated ode, it is well known, is anonymous, and its authorship has been variously ascribed. Not long since we came upon the following passage in Medwin's *Journal of the Conversations of Lord Byron at Pisa*, during the years 1821 and 1822. We give it as a matter of curiosity:

"The conversation turned after dinner on the lyrical poetry of the day, and a question arose as to which was the most perfect ode that had been produced. Shelley contended for Coleridge's on Switzerland, beginning, 'Ye clouds,' etc.; others named some of Moore's Irish Melodies, and Campbell's *Hohenlinden*; and, had Lord Byron not been present, his own invocation to Manfred, or Ode to Napoleon, or on Prometheus, might have been cited.

"Like Gray," said he, 'Campbell smells too much of the oil: he is never satisfied with what he does; his finest things have been spoiled by over-polish—the sharpness of the outline is worn off. Like paintings, poems may be too highly finished. The great art is effect, no matter how produced.

"I will show you an ode you have never seen, that I consider little inferior to the best which the present prolific age has brought forth.' With this he left the table, almost before the cloth was removed, and returned with a magazine, from which he read the following lines on Sir John Moore's burial, which perhaps require no apology for finding a place here:

"Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
As his corse to the ramparts we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero was buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning—
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin confined his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we bound him,
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadily gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we heap'd his narrow bed,
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But nothing he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock told the hour for retiring;
And we heard by the distant and random gun,
That the foe was suddenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

"The feeling with which he recited these admirable stanzas I shall never forget. After he had come to an end, he repeated the third, and said it was perfect, particularly the lines,

'But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.'

"I should have taken," said Shelley, 'the whole for a rough sketch of Campbell's.'

"No," replied Lord Byron, 'Campbell would have claimed it, if it had been his.'

"I afterward had reason to think that the ode was Lord Byron's. I am corroborated in this opinion lately by a lady, whose brother received them many years ago from Lord Byron, in his lordship's own handwriting. Byron was probably piqued at none of his own being mentioned; and, after he had praised the verses so highly, could not own them. No other reason can be assigned for his not acknowledging himself the author, particularly as he was a great admirer of General Moore."

BOSTON COMMON.—"Who presented the land for Boston Common to the city, and has any thing been done to honor his name or to perpetuate it?" The earliest information I can find, relative to the ground now constituting the Common, is from the following deposition, taken from the ancient records. The Mr. Blackstone, who is mentioned in it, is supposed to have been the first Englishman who slept on the peninsula, the whole of which he claimed as his property.

"The deposition of John Odlyn, aged eighty-two years; Robert Walker, aged seventy-eight years; Francis Hudson, aged sixty-six years; and William Lytherland, aged seventy-six years. These deponents being ancient dwellers and inhabitants of the town of Boston, from the time of the first planting thereof, do jointly testify and depose, that in or about A. D. 1634, the then inhabitants of said town—of whom the Hon. John Winthrop, Esq., Governor of the colony, was chief—did treat and agree with Mr. William Blackstone for the purchase of his estate and right in any lands lying within the said neck of land, called Boston, and for said purchase agreed that every householder should pay six shillings, which was accordingly collected—none paying less, some considerably more; and the said sum was paid to Mr. Blackstone, to his full content, reserving unto himself about six acres of land

on the point, commonly called Blackstone's Point, on part of which his then dwelling-house stood. After which purchase, the town laid out a place for a Training Field, which ever since, and now is used for that purpose, and for the feeding of cattle. Walker and Lytherland further testify, that Mr. Blackstone bought a stock of cows with the money he received, and removed near Providence, where he lived till the day of his death.

"Boston, 10th of June, 1684."

From this it is evident that this piece of land was originally reserved by the first settlers for the benefit of the town, and was never the property of an individual, or of a corporation other than the town. Any fear, therefore, that it might ever revert to the heirs of donors is entirely groundless. In March, 1733, it was voted "that the selectmen should take care of the row of trees already planted on the Common, and that at a suitable distance from these another row should be planted." In 1746, "it was proposed to sell Fox Hill in the Common, but the selectmen reported unfavorably." One Randolph petitioned for one half acre out of the Common, for a house-lot, but it was not granted. The length of the Old Mall is five hundred and sixty-three yards. The New Mall, which runs parallel with Beacon-street, was made in 1816, under the direction of the selectmen. Its expense was defrayed from the residue of a sum—\$2,500—remaining in their hands, raised by subscription to erect fortifications for the defense of the harbor during the last war.

B. S.

EPIGRAM ON THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—It will be recollected that the great Duke once had his life endangered by one of the small bones of the wing of a partridge on which he was dining. Dr. McArthur and Mr. W. Hulke were speedily in attendance, and ultimately succeeded in thrusting the bone down the gullet. This occurrence gave occasion to the following epigram, which is perhaps worth preservation:

"Strange that the Duke, whose life was charm'd
Gainst injury by ball and cartridge,
Nor by th' Imperial Eagle harm'd,
Should be endangered by a partridge!

"I would surely every one atone
As soon as ever it was known,
That the great Conqueror of Boney,
Himself was conquer'd by a bone!"

TOBACCO AND HEMP.—The following quaint verses are from a poem of nearly four hundred lines, entitled, "Tobacco Battered and the Pipes Shattered—about their Ears that idly Idolize so base and barbarous a Weed: or, at least-wise over-love so loathsome Vanity." The poem is said to be "Collected out of the famous Poems of Joshua Sylvester, Gent.," and I find the whole of it quoted in a Pamphlet against Tobacco, London, 1672:

"Of all the Plants that *Tellus*' bosom yields,
In Groves, Glades, Gardens, Marshes, Mountains, Fields,
None so pernicious to man's life is known,
As is Tobacco, saving Hemp alone,
Betwixt which two there seems great sympathy,
To ruinate poor *Adam's* Progeny;
For in them both a strangling virtue note,
And both of them do work upon the throat;
The one, within it; and without, the other;
And th' one prepareth work unto the t'other:
For there do meet—I mean at Galle and Gallows—
More of these beastly, base, Tobacco-Fellows,
Than else to any prophane haunt do use—
Excepting still the Play-house and the Stews.

Sith 'tis their common lot—so double choaked—
Just bacon-like to be hung up and smoked,
A destiny as proper to befall
To moral Swine as to Swine natural."

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.—I have seen a prayer of the eleventh century, which I think may have suggested the beautiful little one in general use among us.

According to Miss Strickland, William Rufus, the dissolute Norman king, being at one time alarmingly ill, and trembling for the salvation of his guilty soul, commanded the ungodly courtiers, who surrounded their royal master, to bend their knees in prayer. They did so, but, alas! such was the state of religion at that impious court, that not one present could utter an intelligible prayer. At length a little Saxon page was found, who, it was said, could pray. The child, being brought to the king's bedside, kneeled and repeated the following words:

"Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,
Bless the bed that I lie on!
There be four corners to my bed;
There be four angels overspread;
Two at my head, two at my feet,
To be my guardians while I sleep—
And if I die before I wake,
Sweet Mary's son my soul pray take."

May not this have originated our own sweet little orison?

C. E. B.

"He that fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day."

These lines, usually ascribed to Hudibras, are really much older. They are to be found in a book published in 1656. The same idea is, however, expressed in a couplet published in 1542, while one of the few fragments of Menander, the Greek writer, that have been preserved, embodies the same idea in a single line. The couplet in Hudibras is,

"For those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain."
"Whistling girls and crowing hens
Always come to some bad end."

In one of the curious Chinese books recently translated and published in Paris, this proverb occurs in substantially the same words. It is also an injunction of the Chinese priesthood, and a carefully observed household custom, to kill immediately every hen that crows, as a preventive against the misfortune which the circumstance is supposed to indicate. The same practice prevails throughout many portions of the United States.

A LADY from Warren, Illinois, writes: "Can any of your readers furnish the whole of the 'Brewer's Lament,' written by John Pierpont, and published in 1840 or 1841, at the time of the excitement in Albany, New York, respecting the pond from whence the water used in the breweries was taken? I believe it commences thus:

"It is all up with us; as said the Moor,
Who killed folks with his old Damascus blade,
Othello's occupation's gone,' etc.

"He says also:

"Why should not we
Who do our beer in hogsheds put,
Put hogs' heads in our beer?"

"M. O."

QUERY.—What originated the term "Brother Jonathan," Mr. Editor? Was it bestowed upon us first by the English or by our own people?

Mirror of Apothegm, Wit, Repartee, and Anecdote.

PLAYFULNESS OF COWPER.—The following amusing letter beautifully and *jinglingly* sets forth his motive and manner in writing his admirable poem "On Charity."

"My very dear friend, I am going to send, what when you have read, you may scratch your head, and say I suppose, there's nobody knows, whether what I have got be verse or not; by the tune and the time, it ought to be rhyme; but if it be, did ever you see, of late or of yore, such a ditty before?"

"I have writ 'Charity,' not for popularity, but as well as I could, in hopes to do good; and if the 'Reviewer' should say so to be sure, the gentleman's muse wears Methodist shoes, you may know by her pace, and talk about grace, that she and her bard have little regard for the taste and fashions, and ruling passions, and hoydening play, of the modern day; and though she assume a borrowed plume, and now and then wear a titting air, 'tis only her plan, to catch if she can, the giddy and gay, as they go that way, by a production of a new construction; she has baited her trap, in the hope to snap all that may come, with a sugar-plum. His opinion in this will not be amiss; 'tis what I intend, my principal end; and if I succeed, and folks should read, till a few are brought to a serious thought, I shall think I am paid for all I have said, and all I have done, although I have run, many a time, after a rhyme, as far as from hence to the end of my sense, and by hook or by crook, write another book, if I live and am here, another year.

"I have heard before of a room with a floor, laid upon springs, and such like things, with so much art in every part, that when you went in, you was forced to begin a minuet pace, with an air and a grace, swimming about, now in and now out, with a deal of state, in a figure of eight, without pipe or string, or any such thing; and now I have writ, in a rhyming fit, what will make you dance, and as you advance, will keep you still, though against your will, dancing away, alert and gay, till you come to an end of what I have penn'd, which that you may do, ere madam and you are quite worn out with jiggling about, I take my leave, and here you receive a bow profound, down to the ground, from your humble me."

AN ARAB SHEIK'S NOTIONS OF INVESTMENT.—"What you think to that watch, master? You think that good one?" drawing out from an inside pocket a handsome hunting engine-turned gold watch, with all recent improvements, and bearing on the face the name of its maker. "I give sixty tomans for that [about as many pounds sterling.] I know that good watch. You see that name, all gentlemen have that man's watch; that best maker. Shah of Persia have that man's watch: all big Persians have that man's watch." "And that is the reason why you have it," I replied. "No, me not Persian; me Arab." "But why would not a very much cheaper one than this do? You might have had one for a quarter of the money [mentioning the amount in tomans] that would go as well as that, and lasted you your lifetime." "Master, your clothes, dinner, every day eat, cost plenty money. What mine cost? You spend one day what I spend one year; that what mine cost. You put your money in government treasure chest, all safe.

Cadada no where put money, buy watch, buy rings. I take my watch, look time, sixty tomans say 'two o'clock;' put my watch in my pocket, tie-tie, live thing say 'sixty tomans:' that my pleasure, that my money. What money I not buy watch, rings with, I hide. Plenty man do so; every people do so; no security here, like England; my life not safe; one man tell Shah, 'Cadada speak bad word, make plot.' Shah say, 'Cut Cadada head off.' One man tell governor there, [pointing to the main,] 'Cadada got plenty money; governor say, 'take half.' If law all same here as England, I think make this island, make Persia best country in the world: plenty thing grow, plenty money, plenty care; now I no care, nobody no care make thing grow; when nobody no care, God no care, and nothing grow."—"From Bombay to Bushire," by W. A. Shepherd.

MARAH AND ELIM.—Marah and Elim! How near they lie to each other! Thus near to each other are the bitter and the sweet of life, the sorrow and the joy of time! Both in the same desert, and oftentimes following each other in the progress of one day or hour. The bitter, too, is first—and then the sweet. Not first Elim and then Marah; but Marah first and then Elim—first the cloud, then the sunshine—first the weariness, then the rest. In token of this we broke off a small branch of palm from one of these Elim trees, and laying it on the similar branch which we had brought from Marah, we tied them together, to be kept in perpetual memorial, not merely of the scenes, but of the truth which they so vividly teach.—Dr. Bonar's "Desert of Sinai."

THE "Quarterly Review" contains an anecdote of Lord Raglan, when his arm was amputated. The authority is the Prince of Orange. The Prince, we are told, used to recount that not a word announced the entry of a new patient, nor was he conscious of the presence of Lord Raglan—then Lord F. Somerset—till he heard him call out in the usual way, "Halloo! don't carry away that arm till I have taken off my ring." Neither the wound nor the operation had extorted a groan from the wounded soldier.

HAPPINESS OF SLAVES.—Sir John Doyle, being told in the house of commons, by those interested in keeping up the slave-trade, that the slaves were happy, said it reminded him of a man whom he had once seen in a warren, sewing up the mouth of a ferret; he remonstrated with the man upon the cruelty of the act, but he answered, "Lord, sir, the ferret *likes* it above all things."

BROUGHAM AND LYNDEHURST.—Brougham, speaking of the salary attached to the rumored appointment to the new judgeship, said it was all moonshine. Lyndhurst, in his dry and waggish way, remarked, "May be so, my Lord Harry: but I have a confounded strong notion that, moonshine though it be, you would like to see the first quarter of it."

DR. JOHNSON'S SARCASM.—A young clergyman, very deficient in learning, complaining to Dr. Johnson, that somehow or other he had lost all his Greek, "I suppose," said the Doctor, "it was at the time I lost my great estate in Yorkshire."

Sideboard for Children.

We must permit the little children to speak again. Nor let us scorn to listen to their little sayings or refresh ourselves with the music of their sweet voices. Greatly attractive and lovely is childhood, and happy are they who appreciate, as they ought, this precious ornament of our fleeting life. Make much, ye happy parents, of the childhood that is blooming within your households. Inhale with large delight that atmosphere, and drink in that beauty to the full, and be ravished every day with those little sunny smiles, and the glad echo of those sprightly voices. Grasp eagerly this great joy of life; for yet a little while and this same beautiful childhood will pass out of your doors forever. Those little forms—almost angel forms—you will presently lay away in the grave with untold and enormous grief, or else they will grow up and be those same little children never more; and in either case you will pass from room to room, and the delight of your eyes will be missing, and you will listen and childhood's glad music will be hushed, and the joys of other years will be dead. Live a great, abundant life, then, amid the charming fellowship and the beautiful associations of childhood. Suffer the little children to come unto you and forbid them not, and let them full often feel your warm embrace, and find your ear ever open to their words of plaint or joy—and let them grow up amid the sunshine of your smiles, and often relax yourself from life's rigid claims and labors, and "be a child once more" yourself. Ay, be a child amid whatever greatness or prosperity; for unless we be as little children, we shall hardly enter into the kingdom of God.

A FRIEND from Iowa writes:

A little, hisping friend of mine was much delighted by the arrival of her uncle James, of whom she was very fond. Being just off of a journey, he was looking rather rough with his long beard. I said to her, "Lizzie, don't kiss uncle Jim till he visits the barbers," to which she cheerfully assented, and to his solicitations for a kiss, she protested over and over again her intention not to kiss him with his long beard. Soon she climbed up on his knee and commenced rubbing his face with a feather she had in her hand, laughingly exclaiming, "Uncle Jim, I'm the thaving you!" and then she took the wished-for kiss.

A. B. M.

My little Flat-her went with me, a few weeks ago, to Norwalk, Iowa, which, by the way, is built on a most beautiful sand ridge. On reaching the town, said he, "Pa, this is a sandy place, isn't it? Here is where the Lord gets sand to make folks," and pointing to some small hollows, "see," said he, "where he scooped it up with his hand." E. H. B.

A LADY writes:

Last winter the older members of the family had been discussing Dr. Kane's Arctic Expedition. Little Sam, who is about five years old, was listening very attentively to the conversation, and hearing a severe blast of wind passing by, he suddenly exclaimed, "I'll bet you he has left the door open!"

A YOUNG lady writes us as follows:

My little sister, of but four summers, when once playing with her sisters and brother, next older than herself, abruptly ceased her sport and looked up to the clouds for a while, and then revealed her thoughts by saying to her playmates, "I do n't want to go up in the sky, for I 'fraid I would fall down."

At another time, in an evening walk, she observed the

bright, full moon suddenly appear from behind a dark cloud. With her face beaming with admiration she said, "Sister, is n't that God's face?"

Early this spring, just as the sweet birds and blossoms came, she left us—our hearts all torn and bleeding, and our home so desolate—for that bright, happy world, far beyond the blue sky, where she beholds "God's face," and will enjoy eternally the light and smile of his countenance. H. O. R.

SAYS another:

I have a little orphan grandchild that I think wonderfully precocious, as all grandchildren are. The story of Jonah was lately told him, and, to my astonishment, he repeated it; over to me again the next day in his own broken language. "Poor Jonah—splash—water—fish. Fish eat Jonah—poor Jonah—naughty Jonah; big fish eat Jonah." How marvelous is this breaking forth of thought, and reason, and imagination, before the child can form its vocal organs or command language to express its ideas! Does not the intellectual nature always outstrip the physical in development? F. C.

ANOTHER presents us the following:

Our little Ella loves to talk about heaven, and one evening she said, "Ma, is heaven full of spirits?" I said, "Yes." "Well, then, ma, if heaven is full of spirits, how can any more crowd in?" A YOUNG MOTHER.

THEY "grow beards" in Minnesota, it seems, as well as elsewhere:

In the early part of the past winter I left a part of my beard to grow out for protection against cold, and when it was a little grown I took up my little girl, then twenty-three months old, and asked her for the morning kiss, which she readily gave; but in an instant she turned her eyes seriously toward mine and said, "Pins on a face, pa, pins on a face." A. C. P.

WE have selected the following from the Advocate and Guardian:

One day, when the usual signs had appeared, but yet no rain, George came to me, with much seriousness in his countenance, and inquired, "Ma, may I ask God to make it rain?" "Are you serious, George?" I questioned. "Do you believe God will make it rain if you will ask him?" "Yes, ma, I do," he replied. "Well, then, child, do as you wish." In a moment he had disappeared, but my eye followed his movements. I saw him standing in the yard, with uplifted hands, and a countenance expressive of his feelings, and distinctly heard him pronounce these words: "Please, God, make it rain—please, God, make it rain." I do not say that it was in answer to the prayer of George, but I do say, in less than fifteen minutes the rain was pouring in torrents; nor did it cease till the cisterns were well supplied with water, and the earth completely drenched.

While the rain was falling with a noise sufficient to drown almost every other, a sweet musical sound fell upon my ear, and, looking round, I saw George standing by the door, and singing in loud but beautiful strains,

"I want to be an angel."

This incident seemed to fasten his faith upon God.

A father once said playfully to his little daughter, a child five years old:

"Mary, you are not good for any thing."

"Yes I am, dear father," replied she, looking thoughtfully and tenderly into his face.

"Why, what are you good for? Pray tell me, my dear."

"I am good to love you, father," replied she, at the same time throwing her tiny arms around his neck, and giving him a kiss of unutterable affection.

Editor's Table.

THE REPOSITORY comes once more, dear friends, to your pleasant homes—we hope all our friends have pleasant homes! It comes, with graceful mien and cheerful smile, and asks to commune with you. It would beguile the tedium of a weary hour; it would remove lingering sorrow by infusing new and brighter thoughts; it would enliven, instruct, and purify. This is its mission. If it fails of adaptation to this, it is not for want of studious and laborious effort. The editor does not feel lightly the responsibility of giving utterance to thoughts, when they are to enter into so many thousands of households, and leave their impress on so many immortal minds. It is a privilege thus to speak, especially when the hearer is kindly disposed to receive and cherish the utterances of the speaker; but this involves responsibility of no ordinary moment. We would never esteem lightly these responsibilities. Reader and editor will soon stand before the Judge of all the earth.

STRATFORD-UPON-AVON is the place where Shakspeare was born, lived, and died. His birth is supposed to have occurred April 23, 1564, and on the 26th of the same month he was baptized in the church, as ascertained from the parish register. He died April 25, 1616, and two days after was buried in the chancel of the church; where all that was mortal of the great poet and dramatist of modern times now reposes. The inscription on the broad, flat stone above is singular enough, and singularly expressed. We give it verbatim et literatim:

"Good Friends for Jesus Sake forbare
To digg T—E Dust Enclōsed Hase

Hase be T—E Man $\frac{T}{T}$ spares T—E Stones

And curst be He $\frac{T}{T}$ moves my Bones."

This inscription is supposed to have been composed by the great poet himself. It is suggested that it had its origin in the fear that his bones might be tumbled, with those of many of his townsmen, into the charnel-house of the parish. If such a fear prompted it the end was realized; for, some years ago, the sexton, in making his excavations to obtain more room for new recruits to the great army of the dead, broke into the side of Shakspeare's tomb. Looking in he saw his bones, and was strongly tempted to carry away his skull, but the terrible imprecation deterred him. Yet it is strange that the great poet of nature—of human nature, whose prying spirit so often strove to penetrate the mysterious hereafter, should not have been possessed of sublimer thoughts and draped them in richer language, on an occasion like this. Though the feeling or sentiment that indited the following lines may not have been dissimilar to that which suggested the inscription, the style, the depth of feeling, and the power of expression are so unlike, that we are almost led to doubt whether the same mind conceived and elaborated them.

"Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods; or to reside

In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprisoned in the viewless winds;
And blown with restless violence about
The pendant world: or to be worse than worst
Of those that lawless and uncertain thoughts
Imagine howlings!—'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ache, penury, imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death."

But Shakspeare has made us oblivious to Stratford-upon-Avon. Let us return to the engraving before us. No description of ours will half so please the readers as one drawn by one whose name we can not now give:

"A more delightful place could not have been found. It is Shakspeare in every leaf. It must have been chosen by himself, as he stood in the chancel, musing on the dead about him, and listening to the humming murmur and breezy rustle of the river and trees by which it stands. The most poetical imagination could not have imagined a burial-place more worthy, more English, more native for a poet than this—above all, for Shakspeare. As I stood over his grave, and read his pathetic entreaty and blessing on the reader who revered his remains, and curses on him who dared to touch; as I looked up at his simple, unaffected bust, executed while his favorite daughter was living, and put up by her husband; as I listened to the waving trees and murmuring Avon, saw the dim light of the large windows, and thought I was hearing what Shakspeare had often heard, and was standing where he had stood many times, I was deeply touched. The church alone, from the seclusion of its situation, with the river, and trees, and sky, and tombs, was enough to call out one's feelings; but add to this, that the remains of Shakspeare were near me, prostrate, decaying, and silent, in a grave he had himself pointed out, in a church where he had often prayed, and with an epitaph he had himself written while living, and it is impossible to say where on the face of the earth an Englishman should be more affected, or feel deeper, more poetical, or more exquisite emotions. I would not barter that simple, sequestered tomb in Stratford for the Troad, the Acropolis, or the field of Marathon.

"The venerable clerk, whose face looked as if not one vicious thought had ever crossed his mind, seeing me abstracted, left me alone, after unlocking the door that leads to the church-yard, as much as to say, 'Walk there, if you please.'

"I did so, and lounging close to the Avon, turned back to look at the sacred inclosure. The sun was setting behind me, and a golden light and shadow echequered the ancient Gothic windows, as the trees, moved by the evening wind, alternately obscured or admitted the sun. I was so close that the tower and steeple shot up into the sky, like some mighty vessel out at sea, which you pass under for a moment, and which, with its gigantic masts, seems to reach the vault of heaven."

THE MOTHER'S BLESSING exhibits a scene of touching interest—one that goes directly to the heart. What recollections of faded joys rush upon the widowed mother as she traces upon the countenance of her sleeping boy

the image of him whose memory is written upon her heart!

"The wild bird has her nestlings all
High in the sheltering tree—
Her faithful mate to hear her call;
But I have only thee."

We can almost imagine that the soul of the little sleeper, in his very unconsciousness, yet feels the warm gush of maternal affection, like a spiritual atmosphere surrounding and pervading its whole nature. Said the eccentric John Randolph, "I should have been a French atheist, if it had not been for one recollection, and that was the memory of the time when my departed mother used to take my little hands in hers, and cause me on my knees to say, 'Our Father, which art in heaven.'" What power is there in the gentle breathings of a mother's spirit! What efficacy in her holy prayers! Not all this world could offer would induce, for one moment, the writer of this to consent that these bright recollections should ever be stricken from the memories of his childhood.

We can well imagine that while the dark days of bereavement and sorrow weigh down the spirit of the widow, yet, as she gazes upon the countenance of her sleeping boy, a ray of light gleams in upon her darkness. The future of that boy—how full of promise! Hope springs up in the midst of earthly desolation! But, mother, hope with trembling, yet with trust. Let faith and prayer summon to thine aid One who has promised to be the God of the widow and the Father of the fatherless.

ARTICLES DECLINED.—We have laid aside the following: "Scenes from Earth's History;" "The Departure of a Friend;" "The Beauties of Religion never Fade;" "Musings;" "On the Death of an Infant Brother;" "Woman Intellectually;" "Impressive Scenes;" and "Romanism." "Gifts for Death," "Rainy Days," and "Love" we might have used had we been in any lack. The author of "The Beauties and Pleasures of Winter" will some day be able to write for the Repository. "To my Mother in Heaven" and "The Step-Mother" have merit, but the authors should wait for further improvement by study and practice. "The Orphan's Prayer," while it has some good points, is not quite suitable for the Repository. "Recollections" and "A Ramble" are not exactly the thing for us. "Willow Brook" will hardly do. "I miss Thee," etc., is not sufficiently mature. "Dignity and Destiny of Man" and "All Things are Fading" are not without merit, but are not exactly adapted. "My Mother" has some poetry in it, but would not do without revision.

SEWING MACHINES—SINGER.—We think we shall do our readers generally a good service, by calling their attention to this world-renowned invention—the sewing machine. Some time since our "better half" began to imagine that a sewing machine would greatly facilitate the manufacture of the many articles of clothing needed in a tolerably large family, and also that in the long run it would prove an economy. Of the comparative merits of the different patents, or, indeed, of the principle of invention, we had no knowledge; but a matter of so much importance, and involving so much expense, led us to make as thorough an examination as our time would admit. We lay claim to some little mathematical and mechanical knowledge, and for this we had ample use in our investigation. Several things were to be taken into the account—such as the neatness and fastness of the

stitch, as well as the rapidity with which it is made. Another important item is the durability of the machine and its liability to get out of repair. After careful examination and counsel with friends who had used different machines, we came to the conclusion that Singer's, with its latest improvements, combines the greatest number of these advantages, and, though it costs something more than most of the others, is really the cheapest and most desirable of them all. Accordingly Singer—No. 2—is installed in our domicile, and for the past few months has been, occasionally at least, "running seams" at a tremendous rate.

We are not solicitous to puff any particular invention. We have made our own investigation, and wish all interested to investigate for themselves. But our skepticism as to the utility of the sewing machine has all vanished, and we recommend the attention of all who have much use for the manufacture of clothing to the subject. The agencies for these machines are established, we believe, in all our large cities. The principal manufactory of Mr. Singer is in New York city, where he is turning out some two or three thousand annually. The cost of No. 1, which is the heaviest, we do not recollect. No. 2—which is the best for the various kinds of sewing in family use—costs \$150. No. 3—which entirely satisfies some of our friends who have it—costs \$138.

Since writing the above the following, from the Journal of Commerce, came under our notice:

"The sewing machine is being introduced into general use with a rapidity of which few have any conception. We have a number of large factories in operation, exclusively engaged in their manufacture, each employing several hundred men, and, in several instances, are unable to fill the orders pressing upon them. This circumstance may be peculiar to this season of the year, when preparation for winter requires the manufacture of an increased number of garments; yet the demand is of such a character that all the principal establishments are either erecting enlarged buildings or are adopting other expedients for the extension of their work. The sewing machine has already been introduced to such an extent that some calculation may be made of its effect as a social element. It was predicted that its use would bear with peculiar hardship upon the sewing-girl, whose oppressed condition has long excited the sympathies of the philanthropist; but it is evident this has not been the result, and the strong prejudices which for several years resisted the introduction of the sewing machine, has been gradually overcome. The following incident, which occurred about four years ago, is related by Singer, and shows the nature of the resistance then experienced: 'We were sitting in our office one pleasant afternoon, when a tall lady dressed in black entered, and with rapid step advanced to the sewing machine on exhibition. "Are you," she asked, "the inventor of this machine?" "I am," was the reply. "Then," she rejoined, with a fierce expression, "you ought to be hung!" Having delivered herself of this opinion, she abruptly left the office.' Hardship may result in some instances from the substitution of this instrument for hand labor, but it is no doubt destined to confer a lasting benefit; its advantages are circumscribed to no particular class, and are unlimited in their application. With occasional slight modifications, with a view to more complete adaptation, the machine works its way among different classes of tradesmen."



VUE ON THE OHIO,

(BELOW CINCINNATI)

DESIGNED BY H. B. H. 1857

Published by H. B. H. & Co. Agents, Cincinnati

Atlantic City, New Jersey, 1911

(Below Circumstances)

THEORY & PRACTICE OF THE



THE LITTLE ANGLERS.

Execution of the painting by the artist's son.

Painted by J. G. F.